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TEARS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY H. B. H.

'Tis well to die and not complain;
Yet there are hours when the charged heart must speak—
Even in the desert's ear to pour itself, or break!"
—MRS. HEMANS.

Nay, ask not why I weep; my soul is fraught
With saddened feelings. Hope lends not a ray
To cheer my spirit on its lonely way;
And when I sought
In pleasure halls to find a quick relief,
It all but added to my spirit's grief.

'Tis well to rid the heart of sorrow's stain
By tears: and as they slowly course the cheek,
Each carries in it more than words can speak,
Of grief and pain:
Oh, it is well to rid the heart of woe
In silent tears, nor stay their rapid flow!

Perhaps, sometimes, a word, a look, a tone,
May more deep feelings that have lain for years;
And they will vent themselves in lucid tears,
Like rain-drops thrown
From some high angel's wing, as he his way
Wings from our earth to realms of brighter day.

"Tears come of feeling;" and they oft betray
Heart secrets, which, till then, were never known;
For, when we hear some dear familiar tone
Its farewell say,
Or when with friends the parting hand we take,
Did we not weep, the bleeding heart must break.

It is not well to let the curious eyes
Of the cold world peer in upon our grief,
For it ne'er lends the aching heart relief,
Nor hears its sighs:
But, far removed from all, seek some lone spot
And pour thy tears, by all, save God, forgot.

Call it a weakness, ye who never shed
The tear of sorrow: know ye not that He,
The Man of Grief, full oft shed tears for thee?
Oh, love hath fled
From out your hearts, if you can calmly see
A soul thus shaken with its misery!

Call it a weakness! Aye, the heart alone
Knoweth its sorrow. 'Tis not every sigh
We heave that brings the teardrops to the eye,
These are not shown,
Save when the heart's deep reservoir of grief
Becomes surcharged; then weeping brings relief.

Weep on, ye few who yet have tears to weep!
Earth has ten thousand scenes to call them forth;
But shed them not 'mid the gay scenes of mirth,
But where deep sleep
Hath fallen on all around, weeper, depart,
And drown in tears the sorrows of the heart.

THE MISSING PACKET;

OR,

THE MYSTERY OF WILTON'S WISH.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WALTER EDGAR M'CANN.

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CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

"The police," she said.

"Yes; unfortunately. Some articles are missing from Mr. Oswynd's room—articles of great value—and they must be recovered. If the police make their appearance they won't hesitate to search high and low, or to ask pointed questions; and I hope we shall have no disagreeable revelations. People with a clear conscience need not be alarmed; but *others* had best look sharp."

"The police are welcome to search my things, sir," she answered quickly, "and can ask me any question they please."

"And get truthful answers, too," said Kendryn emphatically. "If it is not you I am alarmed about. Where suspicion lies I have no fear formed; but there is someone in the house who claims to have knowledge, amounting to proof absolute, that—well, I shall not say more. You must be careful not to let what I *have* said go any further, Martha, or we may both regret it. I know I can rely upon your discretion. You have a good as well as a handsome face."

This was balm to the hurt mind. The housemaid was mollified. She smiled again, trifling nervously with her ribbons—somewhat uneasy still.

"There was something found on the floor of Mr. Oswynd's chamber which his visitor had lost, and the article can be very easily traced to the proper owner," continued Kendryn.

"Yes, sir," said Martha.

"Probably, if the things taken away were returned and a full confession made, there would be no trouble. I am sure there would be none, because we should like to avoid an investigation by the police. It would cause a great deal of talk in the neighborhood, which is something we do not desire. But, if it must be, we shall not hesitate."

"No, sir," said the girl mechanically.

"Among the rest, papers were missing—papers of great value—one in particular. It was kept in Mr. Oswynd's cabinet—private cabinet, I think, of course," said the lawyer carelessly, "you know where it was situated."

"He kept his papers in the bureau-drawer, I think, sir."

"Some of them; but not those of particular value. Those he kept in the little secret closet—*you* know the closet I refer to, Martha, of course," he added in the same tone of indifference.

She looked surprised, rather.

"I—I can't say that I do, sir."

"Oh, yes, you do! Attending to his room every day, you must have seen him open the little cupboard near the head of the bed. Just think a moment."

She shook her head.

"He never opened it in my presence, Mr. Kendryn."

If this was acting, thought Kendryn, it was the best he ever saw. Her steady look of blank wonder was a study of itself.

"It is a little secret closet at one side of the bed, Martha. I am sure you must have known of its existence."

"I did not, sir. I thought there was nothing but the wall there."

Kendryn paused, nonplussed to an extent. Roy looked at him inquiringly, biting the end of his pen.

"Yes; this little closet was opened last night, and the valuable paper I speak of abstracted," the lawyer went on. "We are much troubled about the matter, because a very serious affair is likely to follow to one person in the house at least—Miss Beatrice."

"Indeed, sir."

"No one but a very wicked enemy of hers would seek to injure her to the extent the loss of this paper will involve—and, for my part, I doubt if she has any real enemy in the house. What do you think about it, Martha?"

"Everyone is very fond of her, sir. I never heard anyone speak of her except kindly."

"She is so good and sweet-natured herself, I should be surprised, indeed, to learn differently."

"Indeed, I think she is just an angel, Mr. Kendryn," said Martha warmly, and with some shyness as well. "Anyone who would try to hurt her in any way wouldn't find much of a friend in me, I can tell you sir—no, indeed!"

"Hark you, Ashdale, I—I mean Martha," he said, "not yet, sir," said Roy, noting the last reply. "I venture to say there is no one in the house who is not of the same mind."

"No, sir—I—I think not."

"No one," repeated the lawyer emphatically.

"Maybe Miss Pin don't quite like her as much as the rest of us; but I don't believe she would injure her."

Kendryn looked up suddenly.

"You think Miss Pin does not like her, then?"

"Sometimes I—I have fancied that, sir."

"Remember to include everything in your letter, Roy. We may not have occasion to write soon again."

"I am careful," replied the young man.

"And why should Miss Pin dislike her?"

"I don't think she likes anybody much," said Martha, with a little toss of her head and a curled lip.

"Old-maidish and peculiar, eh?"

"I suppose so, sir.

"And just a little mischievous, perhaps?"

"I can't say, sir. Nobody likes *her*, anyhow," said Martha with a sudden gleam.

"Why is that? She is very quiet—I never saw anyone more so—and not ill-tempered or fault-finding."

"Maybe she don't show her temper always, Mr. Kendryn—and quiet people are always sly, *I* think," said the girl, with another toss.

"You must have seen Miss Pin in a tantrum, Martha," laughed the lawyer. "I can't imagine what it was like."

"I saw her bite a piece out of her own flesh one day, sir," said Martha darkly. "I never saw anybody do that before!"

"You surprise me."

"I saw her, and James saw her, too, sir. My memory is very bad, sir; but I shan't forget that soon."

"Your memory bad, you say?"

"Well, it's none of the best, Mr. Kendryn. I used to have a good one, but I hurt my head."

"A bad fall, I presume?"

"No, sir. I had a long fever—brain-fever it was. It happened only about two years ago—maybe more. They thought I would die; but, thank goodness, I was spared," said Martha devoutly. "I got out of my sick-bed again, sir, but left the best part of me there still."

"How was that, Martha?"

"I lost my memory of nearly everything that had happened before I was taken sick, sir. I could write and read as well as anybody before that; but I had forgotten both."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Kendryn, showing genuine surprise for the first time since the conversation began.

"It is true, Mr. Kendryn, I can't read or write now, and am just beginning to learn it all over again."

"How very sad! But I have heard of such cases. You can't read, then? Very sad," he mused.

"I shall try to pick it up again; but it is slow work, now, it seems to me."

"Close your letter, Roy," said Kendryn, looking at his watch. "The time has slipped away very rapidly."

"I have just finished the last line," said Roy, rising.

And now Martha Allan, having concluded her labors, also prepared to take leave.

"Not a word of our little chat, Martha," said Kendryn as she stood at the door.

"I shall be careful, sir," she answered; and, rather bewildered, was gone.

"Here are my notes," said Roy, coming over. "Nothing is omitted."

"They may be useful; but I am convinced that Martha Allan was not the visitor to Oswynd's room last night. She at least did not take the missing packet."

"Then we are still as much in the dark as ever."

"Not quite; but certainly yet in the dark."

"And you still hope?"

"Oh, yes. *Post tenebras lux*, you know, Roy."

CHAPTER VII.

OSWYND IN HIS COFFIN.

By noon Dr. Grystone had come and gone. It was very evident to a gentleman of his skill and experience that the unfortunate Mr. Oswynd had come to his end by his own indiscretion. And so now, this being well understood and upon such excellent authority, nothing remained but to deliver over the body to those upon whom devolved the last sad business of preparing it for its final journey.

In immediate obedience to a summons there came all the way from the village of Sheldrake, two or three miles off, a short, stout, rather asthmatic personage, in customary suit of solemn black—by name Mr. Crapeshaw. And he it was who now took charge, consulting in whispers with Miss Pin, and stepping about the room with noiseless footfall and deferential gesture. Servants attended—going up and down the stairs and hither and thither, upon this mission or that—pallid and quiet, and some of them a little scared. Soon upon all the house there settled that gloomy atmosphere and indefinable stillness which ever waits at the mansion where the grisly monarch, King Death, makes his halt.

Mr. Kendryn had several things to do—and first of all some letters to write. Roy left him to himself and sought the library, where for a long hour he tumbled over the books. Then came the lawyer, pen in ear and documents in hand, to suggest that the young man carry the letters to the village and post them, and ride afterward wherever else his fancy might select.

Roy was not displeased at the idea of getting out of the dull house of Wilton, and presently behold him on his way to Sheldrake.

The letters duly deposited in the mail, he set out upon a canter, not knowing very well whither, or where it might end—caring perhaps less. But his spirits rose—for the day was a bright one and the air bracing—and as he made his aimless journey he saw much to interest him.

It was late in the day before he returned to Wilton's Wish, fatigued and listless. The hour of dinner had already passed, and so he ate his alone. For some time he sat there in the early twilight of this long room, sipping his sherry and musing, and then the door opened and Miss Pin appeared, an unlighted candle in her hand.

She would have passed on through, but Roy spoke to her.

"Mr. Kendryn—do you know where he is, Miss Pin?"

"In the room with the—with Mr. Oswynd," she answered, stopping and turning her pale, gloomy face toward him. Her voice was low, cold and hard, and she answered in a measured, mechanical way, as she did everything else.

What a strange, spectral creature! thought Roy. Was it any wonder the servants disliked her, and Beatrice stood in awe?

She went on, and, with a sigh, he rose and followed her. As he ascended the staircase—Miss Pin in advance—he saw two figures at the top. They stood up as he came, and he saw Beatrice and Ursula.

"Oh, Mr. Bellington, I am so glad you have come," said the latter. "We are going to see—him."

"Is he in his coffin yet?"

"Yes; and you must go with us. Beatrice is so nervous. She is afraid to look at him."

"He would be the last to injure you, Miss Ashdale, dead or alive," said Roy, with feeling.

"And the very idea of his being able to injure anyone now!" said Ursula, with scorn.

"I am not afraid, of course," replied Beatrice: "but death is such a dreadful thing. I never saw anyone dead since poor mamma, and I don't think I need go."

"He liked you so much, Beatrice. Come—keep hold of my arm," continued Ursula, "and see what courage I shall show."

Miss Pin lighted her candle.

"No, no!" cried Beatrice, covering her face with her pretty hand. "Indeed, I can't go."

"Just stand at the door," suggested the housekeeper gimly.

"Another time—to-morrow will do as well."

"But you can't see him to-morrow, Miss Beatrice. The funeral will take place in the afternoon."

"Is it already arranged?" said Roy.

"Mr. Redgrave thought best, sir. Everything will be very private. There will be no one but the family here."

"I am amused Roy. "It is best, indeed. Where will they bury him?"

"In the little churchyard this side of Sheldrake, sir," returned Miss Pin. "You can see the spire of the church from your window."

"I passed it in my ride to-day."

"Come, Beatrice."

"I am so nervous, Ursula."

"Perhaps she had better not go, Miss Ursula," suggested Roy, pitying the young lady's agitation. "There is very little comfort in the sight of death—the change is ghastly."

"He is looking quite like himself," said Miss Pin, the candle between her thumb and forefinger throwing a pale glare over the weird face under her peaked hood.

"But he was her father's dearest and only friend," said Ursula. "She ought to see him once more, before it is too late."

This speech seemed to have its effect.

"Well, I will see him," said Beatrice.

And so Miss Pin led the way along the dark corridor, the others following. Ursula's arm was round the waist of Beatrice, while Roy walked on the other side. And in this order they came to the black door.

Mr. Kendryn and Archbald Redgrave were already in the room. Asthmatic Mr. Crapeshaw was also there, smiling faintly, and his fat white hands crossed over his waistcoat.

The candle threw a ghastly beam into the chamber, mingling with the light of the fast-declining day; but all things were visible enough—and the one sombre object plainer than the rest.

Mr. Oswynd was no longer on the bed. He lay instead in the great black coffin on trestles; and, as this procession I have described now appeared, even Roy held his breath.

Beatrice halted at the door, drawing back a little.

"I can't—I can't!" she whispered.

Archbald Redgrave came over and spoke to his niece, while Roy led Ursula to the coffin and both stood looking down on that fixed white face. On the other side stood Delia Pin, and at the foot, tall and sad, Mr. Kendryn.

"He is looking very natural," murmured Roy, in that tone which is always used in the presence of those whose sleep no sound, however loud, can pain or disturb.

But Ursula, white and motionless, did not answer. She continued to study those frozen features, her handkerchief to her mouth—praying, perhaps, for the rest of the soul that had gone.

And then certain here was a little cry and a movement on all sides. Beatrice had fainted. Her uncle held her in his arms, while Miss Pin went quickly for some wine and Ursula bathed her temples.

"It was a mistake to let her come here," whispered Kendryn to Roy. "It should not have been permitted."

"She did not desire to come," said Roy; and he explained through whose agency it happened.

She recovered presently and they took her away; and then Kendryn, resigning the silent tenant of this chamber to the polite and sympathetic Mr. Crapeshaw, went out with Roy.

"The funeral is to be to-morrow," said the latter, when they were again in their own apartments.

"Yes; in the afternoon. There is no reason why we should keep him any longer."

"Have you looked over his papers?"

"Yes; but there was no will—no directions of any kind. He had some property; I don't know what will be done with it. Like most men of methodical habits in their life-time, he left everything in confusion after his death. But there will be order out of this chaos after a while. Meantime that does not immediately concern us. You posted the letters?"

Roy answered.

"I wrote to avoid being called away from here; but I may be compelled to go," continued Kendryn, a little disturbed at the idea, which he knew was quite within the limits of possibility. "I wish to devote my sole attention to the clearing-up of that mystery about the packet."

"There has been no development, I suppose, since this morning?" questioned Roy.

"None. I spoke to Archbald Redgrave, telling him of the conversation with Martha Allan, the housemaid. He thinks as I do now—that she is perfectly innocent."

"Did he make any further suggestion?"

"He seemed puzzled beyond measure. I set about finding out, first of all, where everybody slept last night."

"Well?"

"The servants have apartments at the top of the house quite by themselves. At the other end of this corridor Mr. Redgrave sleeps, and on either side of him Beatrice and Ursula, who are, of course, out of the question. Miss Pin's room, I find, is opposite our own."

Roy now recalled something.

"I suppose you know that the north wing is not tenanted," he said, with a little hesitation.

"Yes; and all the rooms are locked. Mr. Redgrave mentioned some nonsense about its being haunted, according to the view of the servants. No one goes there."

"Miss Pin goes there, I believe."

Kendryn looked up.

"Miss Ashdale mentioned it casually last evening. She was speaking of the reputation that quarter of the Wish had, and said that Miss Pin went there to pray; that there was a chapel there."

"That is a mistake, I think, Roy," smiled the lawyer. "Miss Pin's nun's garb gets her the reputation of a nun; but I suspect she neither tells her beads nor does secret penance. I am rather inclined to think Beatrice had her information from Martha Allan, or perhaps from her own maid. There is a legend connected with the north wing, I am aware," he added, somewhat darkly—"and, unfortunately, it is well founded. The story is connected very unpleasantly with the memory of Beatrice's father. It was a serious matter once."

"Connected with the memory of Beatrice's father!" thought Roy, within himself. "A serious matter! Could this legend have anything to do with the secret confided to the missing packet?"

The idea startled him, and his companion noticed his sudden agitation, unable for an instant to interpret it.

"You seem troubled, Roy."

"I was only thinking of what you said—connected unpleasantly with the memory of Beatrice's father.' I presume she knows nothing of the story, whatever it may be."

"No; but don't feel disturbed. I shall tell you all about it before long, and you will take the same sensible view of it that I do. Who can escape calumny? Poor Oswynd was a good man; but he was mortal, like the rest of us."

"She loved him, I take it, as if she had been in reality his daughter," pondered Roy, his thoughts afield a little.

"Yes; and the feeling was reciprocal. He was a singular being and rather disliked, and when this business relating to the north wing occurred he became more unpopular than ever. Matters were immensely exaggerated, and, of course, to his disadvantage, and some wondered why he did not leave this gloomy house and its unfriendly neighborhood altogether. But he was stubborn—he remained."

"I have understood that he had no society."

"He kept himself rigidly secluded, which was the reason originally of his trouble with the people around his estate. They supposed it was pride, while I am convinced it was as much shyness and melancholy as anything else."

"But you said last night he was very opinionated and whimsical."

"So he was—perhaps a little disordered mentally on some points, and I told you what a dreadful temper he had. It was not explosive, like Oswynd's, but more sullen."

"Why not tell me the story now?"

Mr. Kendryn shook his head. "Not now. Perhaps after the funeral, and certainly soon."

But Roy was somewhat dissatisfied. This reference to the whispered story of the mysterious north wing had actually roused his curiosity, almost dormant hitherto. He fancied he saw a connection between it and the missing packet, and the idea was as strong upon him very nearly as a certainty.

"What shall we do if the missing paper is never brought to light?" he asked suddenly.

"We must wait before we can determine upon that. But why should it not be found? Someone in this house has it. No strangers have come or gone today except the undertaker and his men, and I have kept a watchful eye."

"But suppose the paper has been destroyed?"

"Then the secret has perished; but I do not think it has been destroyed. I assented very readily to the proposition of burying Oswynd so soon," added Kendryn in a low, cautious tone, "because I wish to have this house searched."

Roy stared in genuine surprise.

"You mentioned that to Mr. Redgrave?"

"No; I have not mentioned it to anyone."

"What will he think?"

"Why need he know of it? You must be careful, Roy. Martha Allan has *him*, and *him* nothing. 'Open countenance, closed lips,' as the Italians have it. I am acting only for you."

There was something kindly in the last words, and Roy was, perhaps, not unmoved by them.

But was not this contemplated search a kind of treachery? Was there not something discreditable and mean in such underhand proceedings? Nothing more true than that this business of the secret packet had developed itself into a game of cunning, falsehood and theft—that somebody was a criminal. But should not those who knew themselves to be in the right proceed by the open way?

Here was food for long meditation—such problems as this could not be solved at a glance.

But Roy had already made up his mind upon another point—and what he had just learned from his companion did not weaken his purpose. He determined to privately visit the north wing that night!

CHAPTER VIII.

IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT.

Roy Bellington consulted his watch and then thoughtfully wound it up. It was now half-past the hour of midnight, and he sat alone in his room. The door communicating with his friend Kendryn's chamber was closed and that gentleman was doubtless in the sweet oblivion of sleep.

On the table burned a little student-lamp, the wick turned very low, and beside it lay a book—"Montaigne," the idler's breviary, as it has been called. A faint bit of fire glimmered in the grate. The silence was profound.

The young man rose, and, taking his lamp, went to the door leading out upon the corridor and listened. There was not a sound, and the long gallery was empty to-night. He glanced at the chamber opposite, and that too was shut. The time, he thought, was favorable.

Very softly he stepped out, the light in his hand, and quickly sped along toward the staircase.

MISS ANTOINETTE STERLING, CONTRALTO VOCALIST.

At the window above the platform upon which the first flight of steps rested, streamed in a sheet of pale, blue moonbeams, and far up in the cloudless sky he saw that peaceful satellite herself, cold, beautiful, and seemingly motionless.

On again he went, at length reaching the second corridor, and just as he gained this point he heard a sound, he fancied, in the direction of the room where Mr. Oswynd lay in his coffin.

He instantly extinguished his light and paused.

A minute or two passed; but the interval seemed much longer. Perhaps his hearing had deceived him. He knew that, two hours and more ago, the corpse had been screwed down for the night into its narrow domicile, and the door, properly repaired, locked upon it: that the funereal Mr. Crapeshaw had gone away with the keys.

To-morrow, thus pondering, he distinctly heard another sound in the same quarter—an unmistakable footstep.

Who could this be hovering about there, and upon what unhallowed business? An odd kind of awe came over him, and he recollected some rather uncomfortable things just then—the spiritualistic incantations of which this place had once been the theatre.

He was not frightened; but his nerves were certainly not quite so calm as usual. He had no defined knowledge of what he expected to see, as he crept on the wing, in which he now must certainly be, and, once imprisoned here, he might die of hunger or thirst, and none be the wiser.

But there was nothing to do but proceed. Come what might, he would not turn back.

He abruptly found himself confronted by a wall. He felt on either side with his free hand; but met the same opposition. What a labyrinth! What madman of an architect built such a puzzle as this? What a fool that old Sir Richard Arnold must have been!

Again and again he sought some place of egress; but the solid barrier rose against him obdurately. He stood thinking. Where had the object of his search gone? There was an outlet, beyond peradventure! Supernatural explanations had not a feather's weight with him at this stage.

Could there be a secret door of any kind?

The lamp would answer that. He took from his pocket the last match he had, and tried to ignite it. Fatality. The treacherous lucifer flashed and was no more.

Much annoyed, Roy slowly began to retrace his steps. He went on, seeking the window which he remembered was at the top of the spiral stairs. He began to feel fatigued and a little sleepy. The excitement which had hitherto controlled him now gave way to a weary dejection.

Perhaps some other night he would undertake this mission again; but with plenty of matches and a clue to lead him safely back in case he should get bewildered. And as this thought crossed his mind he began to look about him diligently, to be sure he had not missed the portrait and the window.

To his dismay he found that he had not, and he proceeded the deeper the gloom seemed to become.

He scanned everything sharply, trying to discern the little round outline and the patch of starlight; but evidently a cloud had gathered in the skies and that pretty, bright constellation he remembered—was it Ursa Minor, or what?—was obscured.

He walked to and fro, puzzled and uneasy, and beginning to regret that he had not remained that night in his own room. What could he say, supposing he were discovered here to-morrow morning?

What would Kendryn say? What would Archbald Redgrave *think*? A very unpleasant suggestion now recurred to his mind that he had hardly cared to mold into actual shape. What if they—or either of them—should associate his wandering nocturnal habits with the affair of the previous night, and the disappearance of the sealed packet?

Kendryn's idea that a woman had entered and robbed the room was only a clever theory after all, founded upon certain plausible circumstantial evidence. Mr. Redgrave had not seemed to build much faith upon it. But, admitting that it was a woman, might she not have had an accomplice?

Nothing troubled Roy that night so much as this unpleasant dread that he might be found in the morning in this suspicious position. A cold perspiration broke out on his forehead, and he felt his heart thump wildly.

This was real fright, such as he had never experienced in his life before.

He was lost! Lost as hopelessly as if someone had set him down blindfolded in the midst of the Black Forest.

In a moment he saw the starlight break through the rift of clouds and shine, as softly as a benediction, through the little round window, illuminating the spectral portrait.

He felt something of the gratitude of a castaway who catches a glimpse of a distant sail—something of the hope and yearning, and something of the secret dread.

But he was descending the stairs now, very swiftly—rather dubious about which way he should go, when he reached the bottom; but resolved to go on, at all events. And this purpose he followed—making his way resolutely, taking little heed—down more steps, across musky galleries, past windows to the right and left—in the end reaching the front hall.

How his wanderings came thus to terminate he did not pause to inquire. He merely assured himself of his situation, and immediately set out again for his own chamber.

This was not difficult to find. The clock was striking three-quarters past three as he found himself on the floor where, tall and sombre, "like a ghost with its hands in its pockets," it stood, forever telling the passage of unwearied Time.

As Roy stood at his chamber door he glanced casually at the room opposite where Miss Pin slept. To his surprise, there was a line of light drawn along the crack of her door, forming a gigantic letter L. Was she now rising for the day?

Suddenly her door opened, and in the light that came from the room Roy saw Delia Pin as he had not yet seen her—without her hood. The sudden apparition startled him.

A mass of lovely golden hair—the tint inclining a little to auburn, and exquisitely beautiful—poured over her shoulders. Her eyes were dilated, and her lips half parted in a kind of eager inquiry. She was comely—more than that, she was handsome. She was nothing at all like the Delia Pin he knew by day. For a moment Roy was in some uncertainty whether it was actually the same woman.

She saw him with a sudden surprise—hesitated an instant, as if still in doubt that it was he—then drew back, and, without a word, closed her door.

He went into his chamber and relighted his lamp. His fire had died away to ashes long ago.

He prepared for his rest very thoughtfully. The last few hours had been full of wonders, but none greater than this unexpected view of Delia Pin without that hideous cowl. Such magnificent hair! Why should she hide it from sight, from admiration? Beatrice had pretty hair, but of no such tint as the housekeeper's.

To-morrow he should ask little Ursula about this mysterious woman—this uncloistered nun, who had resigned female vanities so prematurely.

"More matter for a May morning," laughed the young gentleman sleepily, and, in ten minutes, entered to him Morpheus.

TO BE CONTINUED.

OUT OF THE HURLY-BURLY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY B. NORMAN GUNNISON.

Out of the hurly-burly
Into the sweet repose,
Out of the glare of the city
Into the home of the rose,
Thousands are hastening onward,
Swept by the Summer's breath—
Out from the hot streets,
Out from the city's death.

Glimmer of silks and satins,
Cloudings of rare old lace,
These are the darlings of fashion,
Children of wealth and grace;
Kidded, besotted and jeweled,
Flashing with gems and pearls,
Are the men that attend upon them—
What can we ask for the girls?

Flirting at Saratoga,
Riding upon the beach,
Dancing the German at Long Branch,
Loitering the sandy reach:
Carelessly spending thousands,
Throwing the hours away,
Sheer from the sparkling Vineyard
Down to the Cape of May.

But in the crowded city,
Down in the noisome lane,
Back in the heated alleys
Haunted by vice and pain,
Thousands there are that linger,
Linger, and cry "How long?"
These are the city's Pariahs,
This is the common throng.

What if the little children
Stifle and die with heat,
Die in the crowded alleys
Close to the brilliant street?
They are but little "Arabs,"
This is their only shield—
Out of the hurly-burly
Into the Potter's Field.

Only the old thing over,
Death and disease and shame;
(Velvet and silks at Stewarts'),
Vice with its deathless flame,
Down in the street called Baxter,
Scorching the city's heart;
Why should we hear their moaning?
They are a poor apart.

Out of the hurly-burly
Some time we all must go,
Leaving our wealth behind us,
Leaving our all below.
Lazarus poor, and Dives,
Broadway and Baxter street,
Out of the hurly-burly,
Up to the Judgment-seat.

Think of it, O ye thousands
Roiling in wealth and power!
What will the might of riches
Be to you in *that* hour?
What but a load of horror,
Deeper and deeper to sink,
Out of the hurly-burly,
Down to the fiery brink.

FLUXING GOLD.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL.

"Does not the constant mimicry of passion upon the stage tend to harden the heart to the reality, and steel it against the true affection that in others make it the highest end of life and surround it with the beautiful, Viola?"

"Or with torments, coz? I don't know—have never given the matter a thought. I have been wrapped up too much in my profession. That has been to me thus far both 'lover and friend,' and I have never felt the need of any other."

"But it will not always be so, Viola. You can scarcely win more of fame than you already enjoy, and the time must come when you will learn the hollowness of the lip-plaudits that now nightly fill your ears, and how very soon a new favorite usurps the place of the old, and long for something better, and higher and nobler."

"Perhaps," carelessly.

"I know nothing experimentally of the matter, it is true, but have frequently thought that, with one who is so constantly brought into intimate association with love in its noblest and best forms, it must make the heart of woman long to enjoy the reality of the brilliant and warmly-colored picture."

"You forget, Agnes, that we also have continually held up before us the base as well as the pure—see the lowest as well as the God-like attributes—and are forced to act, sometimes even play, the lover to a man who is morally and physically repugnant."

"Granted. But all are not so. The profession does not necessarily make of a man a villain because he plays the part, any more than that a danseuse must be unworthy of the association of good and pure womanhood. The profession degrades them not, though some, to their shame be it spoken, do degrade the profession."

"You speak warmly, and I thank you in the name of both the much-abused classes."

"Circumstances have given me a perhaps closer insight than is possessed by the general world, and you being of their number would be sufficient motive, even had I no other."

"Thank you, again."

"*But revenons a nos moutons.*"

"By which I hope you do not intend to insinuate that I am a 'sheep' for not falling desperately in love with, marrying and making some 'actor-man' miserable for life," laughed Viola.

"It is not in the least necessary that your affections should become fixed upon one who ——"

"Struts and frets his little hour upon the stage, and then is neither heard nor heard of any more."

"Do be serious, Viola."

"I will, sweet cos,' for love is indeed a very serious matter!"

"I was going to say that it was not absolute for you to choose a mate ——"

"Sometimes a 'check' and frequently a 'stalemate!'"

"Incorrigible! Do listen to reason."

Viola pursed up her rosebud mouth and carnation lips, drooped the long, soft lashes over the sparkling black eyes, swept the masses of ebon curls back from the lovely face, and folded the little white hands in her lap in the most demure fashion, as her cousin continued:

"Very many of your chosen profession have married outside 'of the ranks' and found happy homes."

"And when married in the 'ranks?'"

"With the same result. But this is begging the question. We have drifted entirely away from it."

"As to whether acting does not harden the heart against love?"

"Yes, and you have not answered it."

"As far as I could, I have."

"But not at all satisfactorily."

"Still, Agnes, I can do no more. The experience necessary has never come to me. That," with a bright smile, "is, I trust, a sufficiently serious answer to satisfy even you."

"But, Viola, it cannot be that you have never reflected upon it?"

"*Never!* I have been engaged in matters of more importance!"

Again a touch of scorn was visible in the curling of the rosy lip, and the tone in which the words were uttered. But presently she resumed:

"Yet," and a shade of sadness rested upon the fair face, "I must go to rehearsal now. Ah, those who envy us our position and the little applause we receive dream not of the labor and trials we are forced to endure."

It was true that the beautiful and petted actress had, thus far in the brief journey of her life, known nothing of love, even while so forcibly depicting the "grand passion" as to thrill others to the very core of their hearts, and make manhood bow the knee in homage. Beauty was hers in a most remarkable degree. The soft outlines of her form needed nothing from art to enchain the gaze—was very near to the ideal of perfection. Her step was light yet firm, and her carriage proudly erect. Her features were moulded after a model Greece would have loved; her eyes large, black, and lustrous, and her voice, tuned to music, under rare command. In short, of her it might well have been written, changing but a single word:

"A combination and a form, indeed,
Where every god did set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a ——man."

Aye, and a true woman, though these her natures had been warped by an intense passion for her chosen profession—a desire to excel in it—to make for herself a name—to make the critical world bow in homage to her genius.

But it was not true that she had never given thought to love, even though not from the standpoint her cousin had presented. She had frequently reflected upon it—could not but have measured its height and breadth and depth while studying and performing parts of passion—loosing herself entirely in them—loosing the woman in the actress—loosing Viola Colbert in "Juliet," and "The Wife," and "Julia." It would have been a puzzler if otherwise. Yet the analysis of love had only been cold, perhaps even hypercritical—one that touched not her own heart. There was nothing of rosy glamour about it—nothing of flushed cheeks, quick throbbing of pulse, of gentle trembling when some particular manly step was heard. The world called her cold and proud and ambitious, and they were right. True and pure womanhood is never perfect without them. But the world dreamed not of the latent fire hidden within the snowy bosom, the wealth of living water that would gush from the rock when the magic wand of love touched it.

But from the very hour of her conversation with her cousin new thoughts began to intrude and linger in her brain. She came to look at the world through lenses of a different hue, and her heart reached out its tendrils for something more stable and holy around which to twine and cling. The present did not satisfy her, and she looked forward to such a future with a shudder. It satisfied not the cravings of her nature, and arose barren and chilling before her understanding.

From that day the critical eye noticed that her delineation of love had increased in power, had a warmer coloring—that there was less of art, more of reality, and the subtle something that is felt, but cannot be described. It was true genius caught and led by the heart—the giving of soul to the hitherto pulseless marble. Still she was without her ideal—one that, with her cultured intellect and refined and fastidious taste, might be very difficult to find.

With a crowd of admirers pressing upon the stage and seeking her society at every possible opportunity, there was no lack of chance for choice. With the least of encouragement a score of hands and hearts and homes would have been laid at her feet. But she would none of them. They filled not the empty frame hung up in the secret chamber of her heart. The pure gold hidden there yet remained undisturbed, and the hand that was to gather in the jewel seemed very far away, if, indeed (as Agnes sometimes fancied), she would become sufficiently unwedded to art to wed a man.

With unceasing application Viola devoted herself to her profession—going from city to city, and winning the fickle friendship of the crowd—loaded nightly with bouquets that would only wither—hearing her name thundered with applause—to be sent to forgotten upon the appearance of a fresh and fair face, and still remain as heart-whole as when she first trod the stage, dazzling the public with her beauty and grace and eloquence far more than even she was dazzled by the foot-lights.

But at last there came a night when her soul was to be tried to the uttermost—when her boasted fortitude was to be tested to the full—when something more than mimic tempest swept around the stage. The play was "Ion." Grand in her personation, she stood repeating the noble, almost sublime words:

"Oh! keep me pitiless;
Expel all human weakness from my frame,
That this keen weapon shake not when his heart
Should feel its point; and if he has a child,
Whose blood is needful to the sacrifice
My country asks, harden my soul to shed it!
Was not that thunder?"

Even with the last word—a prophetic one—there came a most appalling crash. The solid walls of the theatre were rent—the solid foundations rocked and trembled—a glare as from the wide seeming gates of hell was painted as never before upon each scene, and the creations of human hands, and human eloquence, and human ambition were dwarfed into nothingness.

From the mimicry of what might have been, everyone awoke to the reality of what was—awoke from the spell of genius to find themselves awed and surrounded by the most intense thunder and the most vivid lightning—a terrible battle of the elements—a scene matchless in grandeur and fearful sublimity.

From the crashing-in of roof—from timbers falling in blazing splinters, kindled by the lurid torch of the lightning—from scenes wrapped in blaze, and curtain and "drops" but flaming scrolls—actors and audience fled in alarm, shrieking, crushing, trampling, pleading for mercy, and groaning in pain. There was no thought then of the varied passions that had a moment before swayed their souls—nothing of coquetry—nothing of pride of dress or form or face—nothing of love, save for self. All, everything, was swallowed up in the mad race for escape, the sickening, shuddering dread of danger, the wild struggle for life. Ah! something, some faint resemblance of such a thing, had been attempted upon the boards of a theatre, but it was a bald mockery of the reality when the stage was the World, the thunder that of Nature, and the lightning-bolts forged by the hand of the Master Workman of the Universe!

Dumb, awed to her very soul, Viola stood in the same attitude as when the final word had passed from her lips. It was not the wild astonishment flashing from eyes that possessed others—not the abject fear that caused her to remain in a statue-like pose amid the falling rafters—the riot of flame among the combustible material—the glare of the lightning, the crash of the thunder. She appeared to know nothing of the danger, of the thousand deaths about her—to be entirely wrapped in the sublimity of the scene.

She stood alone. All others had fled. Of those who but a single instant before had echoed her name with plaudits, and would have almost deemed it an honor to kiss the hem of her garments, not one remained. In that hour of terrible fear of danger no more to them than the beggar in the streets, and her royal toga, edged with gold, no more than rags. She stood alone amid the thunders of earth and heaven, to be the next moment crushed, blotted out, wrapped in a winding sheet of sulphurous flame!

The fire became more fierce, and crept nearer to her. The fingers tipped with the flames not kindled by mortal power were reaching out toward her, had fastened upon her garments, but she knew it not. Her soul had not as yet awakened to the terrible situation. She remained as if bound to a lurid altar by the fingers of a man, a villain because he plays the part, any more than that a danseuse must be unworthy of the association of good and pure womanhood. The profession degrades them not, though some, to their shame be it spoken, do degrade the profession."

"You speak warmly, and I thank you in the name of both the much-abused classes."

"Circumstances have given me a perhaps closer insight than is possessed by the general world, and you being of their number would be sufficient motive, even had I no other."

"Thank you, again."

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NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1875.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Letters seeking information replied to only through this department; no answers by mail.

GUS. L. AND F. M., St. Louis.—Mr. H. P. Kenney, superintendent of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore R. R., politely answers as follows, under date of July 3: "I have delayed answering yours of the 16th ult., in the hope that I might be enabled to gather the information you desire; but I fear, in view of the fact that there is now no one in the company's employ who was here at the time in question, and as such things are not of necessity a part of official records, I can only approximate for you. The trip you name was made on this road (Baltimore to Philadelphia) by the engine Gunpowder from Baltimore to the Susquehanna River, and by the Christiana from the latter to Gray's Ferry, Philadelphia, the latter distance being 57½ miles. The dimensions of the Christiana were: wheels, 72in.; cylinder, 12in.; stroke, 20in. The time of the run (powder is variously stated at 45 to 60 minutes. That of the Christiana is not given with sufficient nicety to warrant us in stating figures. I regret our inability to be more explicit."

J. C. B., Fall River.—"The pitcher of the Rhode Island Club gets into position to deliver the ball to the batter. He has a habit of rubbing his heels from the ground, balancing himself on the balls of his feet, and then letting himself down again. In a game played here, I saw him go through this operation several times before delivering the ball to the batter. He had no certain number of times for raising himself, but varied from *one to eight times*. Sometimes, after making one or two of these motions, he stops to rest or turn, and throws to the bases. My reason for writing is to inquire if the pitcher, after making one of these motions, does not make a balk if he fails to send the ball to the batter immediately thereafter, making one of these motions, as base-runner starts for next base—has the pitcher any right to throw to the bases?" ..... The motion referred to is undoubtedly one of the preliminary movements in pitching; and if he fails to deliver the ball after making such motion, he commits a balk.

GOLD BOARD, Union Grounds.—"Be kind enough to express an opinion on the following: During the seventh inning of the game between the Bostons and Atlantics, yesterday (June 30), when the Reds made seven runs, these bets were made: M.—bet E.—that the Bostons would not make two and three runs. One man came in, and E.—thinking M.—did not see it, cried out: 'M.—, one of ours is in.' M.—, thinking F.—thought two men had come in, but that 'one of ours' was not in. After considerable discussion, in which nearly all the members of the Board took part, it was decided to ask THE CLIPPER. M. claims that the first man in was not 'one of ours,' as it did not affect the bets. E.—claims that the second man could not come in till after the first: therefore the first was 'one of ours.'" ..... The bet should be drawn, for lack of understanding of the terms 'one of ours,' 'two and three runs' and 'one of ours,' when used in connection, being well calculated to mislead.

TOLEDO.—Any game in which any party to the collusion was a principal, and also all bets in which any such party had a pecuniary interest, however slight, are null and void because of fraudulent procurement. But bets made in good faith between interested parties, even though based upon the statements or transactions of the guilty, must stand, and are to be determined by the fact. They are not to be annulled because one of the parties to the wager may misinformation, if misinformation attaches to almost all wagers; but in view of the peculiar circumstance of this case, as presented, we are constrained to suggest that even those honest bets be drawn. It is a mere suggestion, however. There is in your statement a bare intimation that the event had already occurred before the bets were laid. If this is true, all bets are void.

POKER DICK.—"A throws five sixes. B bets $100 to 50 cents that it will not be beaten. C, who sits at A's left, throws five sixes, and C throws off, and C wins. He claims from B $100. B claims that the five sixes were not beaten. Please decide." ..... "B wins the fifty cents. The wager was in a manner of fact. B bet that no man C could not win; but he thought the odds long enough to justify an acceptance of the bet, and with his eyes open he agreed to beat five sixes with five dice. The case is the same as if A had bet that Trinity Church in the Heavens could not be seen. In point of fact, A cannot win; but he had a chance to win—the chance that A was mistaken as to the location of the church. Therefore C won the bet stands. So does the bet, having had a chance—the chance that B was mistaken as to the number of dice.

J. M., Watsa.—Under the Homestead Act, every honorably-discharged soldier of the United States is entitled to enter 160 acres, or a less quantity, of unappropriated public lands, upon which such person may have filed a pre-emption claim. The law provides that the person so entering lands must reside upon it a term of five years, and make certain improvements. The time which a homestead settler has served in the army, navy or marine corps shall be deducted from the time required by law to perfect the title; but no patent can be issued by the Government to any homestead settler who has not resided upon, improved, and cultivated his homestead for a period of at least one year after he shall have commenced his improvements. For further information apply to the General Land Office, Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C.

SUBSCRIBER, Sacramento.—1. Longfellow never ran a mile in less than 1:41, and A loses. Had he bet that Longfellow ran in 1:40 according to some private watches, he would have won. There is but one proof of a horse's performance, and that is his record, as announced by the judges. 2. Longfellow has no record at four miles. It was in the first mile of his race with Kingfisher that private watches are said to have timed him in 1:40. This was for the Saratoga Cup, on July 14, 1871, and the distance was two miles and a quarter. Longfellow's record is 4:27¾, and it is not pretended that Kentucky or Harry Bassett ever ran a first mile in 1:40, and yet Kentucky in 1865 won this cup in 4:01¾, while Bassett in 1872 won it from Longfellow in 4:27¾.

FANTUCKET CRICKETER.—"It is a peculiarity or cricketers that they will not "read up" on the game. Had our correspondent done so, he would have known that any part of a jersey of the ball, except by a throw or a jerk, is legal; consequently a man can bowl underhand, round-arm, or over the shoulder, provided he does not throw the ball overhand or jerk it, or throw it underhand. In regard to leg-before-wicket, the umpire before deciding a man out must be certain—no doubt on the subject—that the ball was "pitched straight" and would have hit the wicket, so that he could then have taken the wicket but for striking the batsman's person, not his leg simply, but any part of it personal.

J. M., St. Louis.—"In a game of baseball, A bets B that striker will not reach first base, there being two men out and one on first base. The ball is batted to second baseman, an attempt to steal second, the striker having once struck called on him. Does A win the bet? 2. A bets B that striker makes first on base-hit. He gets first on an error. Is the bet won or lost?" ..... 1. A loses the bet, which is predicated upon the fact that there were already two men out and one on first base. 2. A loses. This bet was not that the striker would somehow get to first base, but that he would make it on a hit that earned it.

J. C., Washington.—"In a game of ball there was a man on second base, a man on third base and two men out. The striker knocked a ball bringing them both home, and making first base himself; but, as the fielder did not handle the ball very quick, he ran to second and was put out there. The umpire decided that, as the striker was put out, those two runs do not count. I contend that a man ceases to be the striker on making first base. How is it?" ..... The runs count. The "striker" was not put out; he was the base-runner ruaning from first to second. The decision was illegal.

W. W. J., Sacramento.—"There is a baseball tournament of five clubs. Three games have been played. A has played X and lost, and has also played C and lost. B has beaten C. A man has bet odds that A has still a possibility of winning the tournament. Please decide." ..... If it is a condition of the tournament that a tie for first prize must positively be played off, the A club can win. But when the club that ties is only optional, then the games are not a part of the tournament, which is ended when every club has either played with or forfeited to every other. The A club could not then win.

F. J., Jersey City.—Vandal means a wanderer, literally. In general usage it means an ignorant and barbarous person, or one who is hostile to literature and the arts. Specifically, it has been applied to a nation that invaded Rome in the fifth century. 2. Vandalism is the spirit or acts of a vandal. 3. Dauphin is now an obsolete word. Before 1830 it meant the eldest son of the King of France and presumptive heir to the throne. 4. Solar is from *sol*, the sun. "The solar system" comprises the sun, the planets and the comets. 5. Anglican, English. 6. Gallican, French.

JOSEPH POKER.—The rule of poker is that where a player, having been shown say three kings in his antagonist's hand, says those kings are good, he resigns all claim to the money. Aside from this, the player who throws up his hand into the pack can never resume it and claim the pot, except by some such special custom as that governing your own card-table, which is a very proper one, assuming that it is so hedged in as to guard against roguery.

DAN, Boston.—1. Daniel O'Leary is credited with having walked 100 mile in 19 hours 27 minutes 25 seconds, on Philadelphia, on a track which, we are told, was very good authority, was properly measured, while we have every reason to believe that it was fairly walked and properly timed. 2. It means that the money in question was made from the line of throwing to where the ball struck.

SUBSCRIBER.—1. All turf bets, unless otherwise specified, are subject to the rules of the turf; and one of the rotting rules provides for a dead heat. 2. Neither party to a dead heat can claim that his horse will win, and the other has bet that that horse will not win. 2. Mile-and-a-half time, 2:34½, by Tom Bowling, at Lexington, Ky., May 12, 1874.

SEWBY, Alexander.—"A is on 1st base (running); B, at the bat, has struck at two balls, and fouled to A's left, which is out. 1st-baseman throws to 2d, the ball getting there before A. Is A out? 2d-baseman fails to touch him." ..... A is not out. Not out. Had A forced off, he should have been touched while off the base.

T. F. W., Highlands.—1. George Washington was not born in the United States, though he was born in what afterward became one of the United States. This is a legal account as a betting point. 2. Experiment with thermometers. Place one in the sun, another in a darkened room, and a third in the shade of the warehouse.

CAR REPAIRS, Elizabethport.—1. We have not the time to spare to search for the quotation in "the current copy," especially as you have not given us a hint as to the author. It is familiar enough, but even families have not always be readily found. 2. "Stroke" is incorrect. The verb "struck" should have been used.

J. H. CRANE.—1. The Lancaster rifled-bore Rodman gun, carrying a shell weighing 420lb, was the largest gun used during the late war. 2. The longest distance carried by the Lancaster gun was 7 miles—from Fortress Monroe to the neighborhood of Sewall's Point, Va.

S. M. C., Philadelphia.—Bill Davis beat Jack Smith, Pearson, Tom Daly, Patsy Daly, Ned Burnett, and Charley Gallagher, at Sandy Jim Dunn, Mike McMasters, Jimmy Elliott, and the St. Louis man who was lately matched with George Rooke.

C. E. W., Baltimore.—The Seventh Regiment, N. Y. S. N. G., took seven hundred and three men with them on their recent trip to Boston. This number includes band and drum corps, about sixty pieces. You win, according to the statement submitted.

SHIBORN.—"In playing cribbage, S leads off with a deuce, J follows with a trey, S with an ace, and J a four. S plays another trey and makes a second and a third run of fifteen." ..... A deuce and a five are the only cards that will make the next sequence.

J. J., Port Wayne.—1. At sixty-six, a player can discard after his opponent has closed, provided that in the interim no card has been led. 2. At euchre, a player who is ordered up, whether by partner or by opponent, cannot go alone.

ANDOSPINKES.—It is wrong. Unless the game was rall-round euchre, he could not go alone against A's lone; and even in that game his making all the tricks would not entitle him to eight points. 2. The lines are not up to the mark.

M. PHELPS, Scranton.—There has never yet been a wrestling match for the championship of the world; consequently, nobody has a right to claim the title. J. H. McLaughlin has challenged to wrestle anybody for $10,000 a side.

D. F. M., New Orleans.—1. The American team won the ride match, in this country, last September, by a score of 204 to 83. Milner, of the Irish team, made a bull's-eye in the wrong target, and thereby lost one shot. A bull's-eye counted four. 2. We think they are.

F. R. W., Baltimore.—Not having access to the books of those papers, we cannot decide your bet. Our opinion is that the Philadelphia *Ledger* has a larger paying circulation than either of the others you name.

MOSE CARROLLTON.—1. Bishop is still living, but out of the show business. Cannot say what has become of Lindsay. 2. Goldsmith Maid is a bay; Occident a brown; and Judge Fullerton a chestnut. 3. Impossible to decide.

R. S. F., San Francisco.—If the conditions of the match were that the running distance should be that which reached the winner, Smith wins; but if it was to be decided by the one throwing closest to the line, then Cullen wins.

J. J. C.—1. See Henry C. Dobson's advertisement in this issue. 2. As we have no opportunity to judge of the merits of the songs, we cannot tell what they are worth. Show them to some professional performer.

CHAS., Martinsville.—With A. R. Rothschilds & Co.'s Circus. THE CLIPPER will be published on the day you name, consequently the answer would be too late to be of any service to you.

COMMERCIAL READER, New Britain.—We believe that Grizzly Adams traveled one season with Dan Rice. He was not under P. T. Barnum's management, combined with Nixon's Circus. He died in Neponset, R. I., Dec. 25, 1860.

WM. J. H., Woonsocket.—1. In turf parlance, "winning in three straight heats" means winning in the first three. 2. Please look at head of this department for rule as to answers by mail.

DANBURY R. R. C.—"If a pitcher delivers two balls (poor ones), and the third ball is a foul, and the fourth is a bad one, can the umpire call *one ball* on the *four* bad ones pitched?" ..... Yes.

RICK TOR, Myerstown.—1. Because he is a tricky player, and resorts to all dodges to gain his point in a match. 2. It means against. 3. We prefer Spalding. 4. He must make no effort to run to second base—that is all.

C. K., Keith Bluff.—1. No. 2. If it would. 3. Apply to a manager for an engagement for what is technically called general utility. 4. Detectives are usually appointed after having served a long apprenticeship as policemen.

P. H. TOOLEY.—"If two men are out, and a man is on the third base, and a striker gets out before reaching first base, does the run count if the runner gets in home before the striker is put out?" ..... No.

D. D. CARTER, Fort Concha.—Mace and O'Baldwin met in the ring at Collier Station, West Va., about 44 miles west of Pittsburg, Pa., Aug. 31, 1872, but could not agree upon a finish.

PLAT.—1. You would have to write the dialect just as it was to be spoken. 2. You can send the title at once and the work when the play is finished. 3. Yes, unless they are copyrighted.

ATOM.—No professional player can play in an amateur club locally, nor can an amateur player who has played in a professional nine as one of the nines in a match.

F. W. J., Washington.—Thanks. What J. N. L. of Boston desires is to ascertain how James King came to be known as "James King of William."

Y. E. B., Cincinnati.—He was traveling recently with the Theatre-comique Combination. A native of Canada, and about 35 years of age.

B. L. D., St. Louis.—The bet stands, having been laid, not upon the result of the contest, but upon a special performance.

E. M. S., Taunton.—It is evident to us that both parties assumed that the Atlantics would win the game. As that club lost, the bet is a draw.

A. BROWN.—We have on hand several bills similar to the one you have kindly sent us; also a number of others of the theatre in Boston.

ACTOR VALE.—Thank you; but we have more in that style than we can find room for. To what address shall we return it?

CORSONIAN.—He was never beaten in a prize-fight, but was defeated by Bill Poole in a rough-and-tumble in this city.

G. K., St. Louis.—A misdeal forfeits the game at cassino, unless the parties are playing "legs." Then it forfeits only the "leg."

ROUNCE, Columbus.—No player can be compelled to take a trick at rounce, provided he can follow suit without doing it.

AMATEUR, New Bedford.—1. We keep no track of such matters. Inquire at some newsagency. 2. The company was notified to assemble on Aug. 15.

E. D., Falls Schuylkill.—We are unable to give you the information, having no knowledge of the parties referred to.

MUTUAL.—It would depend entirely upon their merit and reputation. If they were unknown, they could not command any salary.

E. M. C., Toledo.—Yes. Send to Col. T. Allston Brown, No. 9 West Fourth street, for a copy of his "Showman's Guide."

G. D. D., Southport.—The Baltic and the Adriatic are the only vessels of the old Collins line of steamers now afloat. The Baltic has been a sailing vessel for about six years.

A. J. B., Brooklyn.—There is no Coursing Association in this country. Suitable hares are lacking, and there is too much timber-land.

R. R., Washington.—1. Such salaries range from $25 to $150 per week. 2. No. He will probably manage a theatre in this city.

TIRO. E., Carbondale.—In showing a dollar, B abundantly demonstrated his ability to pay a bill of five cents at the time of accepting the bet. A loses.

T. W., Toledo.—The article you send was made up from one already in THE CLIPPER; but, as usual, no credit was given in the latter.

DECLINED.—"The Rivals," "Irish Rifle Team," "Who?" "Freebooters."

IVAN O., London.—1. Mail so as to reach us by Saturday or Monday. 2. Will mail another almanac.

LEE, Hamilton.—That amount cleared many persons during the late war.

BASEBALL, Columbus.—The ball to be off, as it was a picked-nine match, and not a club contest.

G. G., Baltimore.—The change will be made, as requested.

BASEBALL ADMIRER, St. Louis.—Not having seen either play this season, we cannot say.

JOHN W. DANIELS, Mobile.—1. He can step any way inside of his position, 5 feet by 6. 2. Yes.

MOOSE SAYMOUR, Iowa.—1. Yes. 2. He can retire and let another pitch. 3. Yes.

JACOB MASE.—The Reds of Cincinnati were victorious in 1869, not the Reds of Boston.

BARNUM'S SHOW, Detroit.—Hatfield was one of the Cincinnati nine in 1868.

ASHLEY GERARDEAU, Monticello.—He can stand within one foot of the base.

THE NINE ORPHANS, Salem.—We do not see the justice of punishing the player for the fault of the umpire.

J. WINGTON.—Pa. The rule has always been the other way by the letter of the law.

F. T., Mechanicsburg.—The pitcher can take steps, or lift his foot, provided he keeps within his position.

J. F., Hazleton.—1. The Bostons forfeited to the Westerns, but the forfeits do not count. 2. He is in St. Louis.

ADIRONDACK, San Francisco.—Sharp prefers that such a matter should not be given to the public.

J. H., Elmira.—She has appeared as an actress, but never in New Orleans, La.

K. L. P., Corning.—Maggie Mitchell has the reputation of being the best.

GLOSTER, Albany.—Of any theatrical bookseller or dealer in plays.

J. G., Toronto.—Any railroad office in Toronto can tell you that. Inquire at Grand Trunk office.

C. P. L.—1. There is nothing fresh about it. 2. Delehanty and Hough are have dissolved.

C. P., Binghamton.—You can address him at Plunkett's Theatre, Clinton, Iowa.

H. B. BENNETT.—1. Separate copies cannot be obtained. 2. Y's; Ellis.

X. W. X.—Yes; items in brief are always acceptable.

TIRO, Cartondale.—Your bet is a loss. B has shown $10.

B. C., Louisville.—The bets go. B keeps his money.

W. RUTHERFORD.—Yes, you can change the pitcher.

FAY ROLLS, Elizabeth.—No, they lease the ground.

ALEX. SYMONS, Syracuse.—Your advertisement is received.

HARRY E., Cleveland.—We are attended to there.

J. D. W., Montreal.—See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC.

YOUNG A.—We have no knowledge of any such.

J. S. AND N. S.—Barry Sullivan is so considered.

THIRD COURT, Sedalia.—The run does not count.

THREE STRIKES.—The Scottons forfeit 9 to Detroit.

56, Detroit.—Your advertisement has expired.

R. C. B., Huntington.—A must stand his loss.

E. P. C., Boston.—A fill hand beats a flush.

D. A., Chelsea.—We are not aware of it.

R. K. H., St. Louis.—R's play was proper.

GEO. W. HAWKINS, Alpena.—We do.

M. D.—See answer to P. N.

SUBSCRIBER, Chester.—A loses.

SPORT, Burlington.—We have.

J. H. LAINE.—Cash received.

F. D., Derby.—Court costs $1.50.

DELTA.—A wins.

THE CELEBRATION of our National Independence is being observed in the metropolis, as we write, with considerable enthusiasm and vigor. A smart shower, soon after daylight, laid the dust, while clouds obscured the rays of the sun during a portion of the day; but the temperature was close and sultry, and the thousands who spent the day at the seaside, in the country, or among the mountains, had the best of those who remained in the city. A fair display of military was made in the morning, but the wet and muddy condition of some of the streets played havoc with white pants. Sunday was permitted to expire in a comparatively quiet manner, and then the usual "commencement" of explosive salutations followed, continuing throughout the night, and ending in a general conflagration of fireworks during the day and night of July 5. Thousands of persons left the city on Saturday and Sunday, but they were not missed; for the usual inpouring from the country filled our streets with sight-seers and seekers after the pleasures of patriotism as exhibited by the average New Yorker.

THE AMERICAN RIFLE-TEAM has made a good report since its arrival in Ireland, and we shall be pleased to learn of continued triumphs of our representatives; but we must not expect *too* much from them. "Win first, lose last," used to be a trite maxim when we knuckled down among the boys in the long ago. We shall be delighted to hear of our team's success at Wimbledon, but we do not look for great results, and it is quite probable that the honors will be fairly divided between the various contestants in the "big shoot." The welcome so generously given to the American team by the sons and daughters of Ireland is so characteristic of that large-hearted people, that we were not surprised when the intelligence reached us. In another part of this paper may be found cable reports of the shooting at Dollymount, etc.

NINE MEN, good and true, by their verdict stamp the evidence of Tilton, the Moultons, Richards, and others on that side, as unbelievable; while three men, said to be equally good and true, throw aside the evidence of Mr. Beecher, Gen. Tracy, Bessie Turner, and the Plymouth Church phalanx as unreliable. So, as the case stands, Beecher is three-fourths innocent, while Tilton and Moulton are three-fourths guilty. Whether the Plymouth Church pastor will commence a new trial against "the conspirators" is "what no feller can find out;" but it is morally certain that Theodore has had enough of gush to last him a lifetime.

THE PENSIVE MOSQUITO is almost ripe, and his unwelcome presence may be looked for at any moment. For the unprovoked outrages committed upon a long-suffering people by this insidious foe, let us console ourselves in the knowledge that the mosquito is not a Kansas grasshopper.

"A PARTY by the name of Johnson" insists that Brooklyn witnesses should not be permitted to sit and converse on the Central Park benches, as a sign explicitly says: *"No lying on these seats!"*

OBSERVING a notice in front of Dutch John's grocery of "New Beets on Hand," "Our Jim" advises John to get rid of the *old* beats before bringing forward new ones.

BURNS are prevalent just now; and so it may not be out of place for us to remark that the *lineaments of your face* are *not* good for burns.

PROBABILITIES.—That there will be some fire where there's so much smoke, and that *boy run-meters* are useful for barbers!

THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF THE BROOKLYN SCANDAL.

Who killed the Scandal?
We, said the jury—'twas all "sound and fury,"
And we killed the Scandal.

Who saw it die?
I, said the Judge, and never did budge
Till I saw it die.

Who caught its blood?
I, said Judge Morris—though it gave me the horrors,
I caught its blood!

Who'll make its shroud?
I, said Miss Turner—by the midnight burner
I'll make its shroud.

Who'll dig its grave?
I, said "Friend" Moulton—though I *did* think of boltin',
I'll dig its grave.

Who'll toll the bell?
I, Plymouth's sexton—I'll ring loud as the next one,
And I'll toll the bell.

Who'll carry it to the grave?
I, said Theodore; I would see it no more!
And I'll carry it to the grave.

Who'll bear the pall?
Said the newspaper men: We'll ne'er see its like again,
And we'll bear the pall.

Who'll be chief mourners?
Said the counsel array: We weep for our pay,
So we'll be chief mourners!

Who'll carry the link?
I said Sam—to give light, I'll raise it high as a kite,
And I'll carry the link.

Who'll read the psalm?
Though Evarts "object," yet all shall expect
To hear *him* read the *psalm*.

Who'll close the service?
With malice toward none, with love for each one,
With truth to the end, let Beecher ascend,
And he'll close the service.

THE SWEARING CIRCUS-AGENT.

A country editor writes to inquire what has become of the swearing circus-agent. "He used to come into our office," says this correspondent, "clearing a way for himself with a blue streak of profanity, and he usually entered upon his business by inquiring what in Tophet we would charge to advertise the dashed-dashedest show that traveled the dashed road that dashed year. We gave him our rates (always charging him twenty-five per cent. more than we expected to get), and thereupon he opened on us with a string of expletives which embraced the latest delicacies from Billingsgate, mixed with a good many substantial nuggets of oaths from the Rocky Mountains. To add force and eloquence to his swearing, he removed the broad-brimmed black hat which he wore slouched down over his eyes, and swung it above his head; and he also pulled up the sleeves of his coat as if he were about to square off for a fight. He *would* be dashed if these dashed prices of ours weren't the dashed-dashedest outrage on the profession, and we were dashed hogs, and that was the dashed truth about it. Then he would break off suddenly, and inquire, in the most affable tone imaginable, what the dashed circulation of our dashed sheet was, anyway. And when we told him we always added an additional thousand to our list of subscribers in anticipation of any sudden increase of popularity, then he would tell us of another dashed journal in another dashed State with a circulation fourteen or fifteen times as big as ours, which advertised the dashed show at one-quarter of our dashed rates. And he wanted to know what we were going to do about it? Then he would want to know if he couldn't get a whole dashed page for the sum which we had charged him for a column; and on being informed that he couldn't, he would turn on the spouts of his profanity again and deluge us with dashes enough to exhaust our modest font of d's. By this time the compositors in the room above would remark to each other: 'There's a circus coming to town; don't you hear the agent down there?' And presently the foreman would put in an appearance under pretense of submitting some 'copy' for revision, but really for the purpose of discovering what show was expected. The regular customers of the office would drop in and listen, horror-stricken or amused, as the case might be, while the circus-agent cleared his throat of the vast variety of oaths which had found a lodgment there. He seemed to feel that it was at once his pleasure and duty to swear for the edification of the whole community. Once, the parson overheard the pending negotiations and went away and prepared a powerful sermon against circuses, which was awkward, inasmuch as that particular agent happened to represent a highly moral show. The upshot of these confabs was always the same. The agent gave us an order for the advertisement at the price we charged, minus the twenty-five per cent. we intended to deduct, and wound up the interview by remarking that it was a dashed pleasant day, and that we were a dashed nice fellow to deal with, and that he always liked us a dashed sight better than he did the dashed editor of the opposition newspaper. Now," says our correspondent in conclusion, "we wish you would tell us what has become of the swearing circus-agent?"

He is among the things that were and are not. THE CLIPPER knew him of old, but knows him no more. He belonged to the one-pole era, and is not to be found among the "mammoth aggregations" which occupy the tented field in these days. He was a more of a nuisance than a boon. The circus-agent of our times is chosen for his business capacity, and not because he can churn his chin with more disrespect to his Maker than any other man this side of Texas. He attends quietly to his duties, and wins the respect of those who deal with him. The editors of country newspapers receive him politely, and gladly give him their lowest rates without bickering or quarreling. He gets over more ground, does more business, and saves more money to his employer in a day than his swearing predecessor could in two. Bluster never pays. The swearing circus-agent was a good-hearted creature, and he meant well, and he was a source of astonishment to the printer's devil, and of annoyance or amusement to the editor. But the misfortune with him was that he had learned his manners from the boss-canvasman and picked up his vocabulary in the horse-shed. He mistook vulgarity for eloquence, and acquired the notion somehow that noise meant business. But real business talent is almost invariably accompanied by a quiet demeanor. The man who deals to the greatest advantage with his fellow-men is he who places himself at once on the highest level of respectability. The publisher who consents to be blackguarded and browbeaten by a circus-agent, and takes it all in good part, usually adds the cost of those little luxuries to his advertising bill. Politeness yields a better cash dividend to purveyors of amusements than any other investment that they can make.

A little dash of profanity now and then may relieve the bile in the system, and conduce to the general health of the individual. Gen. Sherman in his "Memoirs" confesses that at the breaking-out of the war, after his first visit to Washington, he fell to d—ning the politicians generally, saying "You have got things into a hell of a fix, and you may get them out as you best can." The General might have added, truthfully, no doubt, that after that little spurt he felt a good deal better. It is related of some of the Brooklyn gushers that after they had finished their miscellaneous osculations and expended their souls on fervid and pious love-letters, they would occasionally lose their temper and break out into something that sounded more or less like "coffer dam." But these are exceptional cases. As a rule, it is safest and best to keep a bridle on the tongue. But there is no particular necessity for moralizing in this connection. We have already informed our correspondent that the swearing circus-agent is a thing of the past. He will be remembered as a relic and cherished as a tradition, but there is no demand for him in the field of active endeavor.

The Conspirators.

The friends of Mrs. Tilton say
A man, not ovemice,
Did seek to *Load-her* down with guilt,
But didn't *get his Price!*
Price *said* he'd stick, but changed his say,
And gave his perjured chum away;
In jail now each *upholsterer* sighs:
"Gone *up holst'rer* up of lies!"

THIS IS HARVEST TIME for baggage-smashers, who are really the only class of people likely to do a smashing trade during the Summer season. With what delight do they view a load of well-filled Saratoga trunks! And how closely and truly they calculate the time it will take to dismember an insignificant carpet-bag or a pusillanimous portmanteau? A sweet smile wreathes the face of the baggage-man as he hears "something give" while he is handling a well-stuffed trunk, and "true inwardness" possesses him when a sea-chest drops to pieces in his presence. A joyous people are the baggage-smashers!

AFTER "ABSINTING" in making up an affidavit of the Loader-Price party, Moulton is said to have "gone alone" Eastward. An inquisitive correspondent desires to know *why* Francis quit at that phase of the little game, if he thought he held a winning hand in that precious "pair." Now, how should we know?

WE THOUGHT that our representative rifle-team were strictly temperate in their habits, yet the cable informs us that one Coleman took a cup at Dollymount on June 30.

JAMES has been on an excursion per the Plymouth Rock; but he calls 'em *Parrott and Charaer!* Probably he has reference to Jarrett & Palmer

IT IS SAID that "Dreaming of *The*" was formerly one of Elizabeth's favorite ballads.

A DISAGREE-ABLE SET.—That jury.

SCHOOL'S OUT.—Closed last week, to reopen early in September. The "peaceful fireside" will be made noisy in the meantime, and the many mischievous pilots of the dreadful boys will be duly consummated. Alas!

A TOURIST says that the Hudson River is like the Emperor of Russia's Court, because there are so many *palace aids* there!

COULD a soda-water drinker be considered a vain man because he's *fond of his fix?*

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

☞ June 28: A marble monument, erected in Beverly Cemetery, in memory of the New Jersey soldiers who fell in the War of the Rebellion, was unveiled..... A terrible thunderstorm passed over Futa-Feath, Hungary, destroying many lives and rendering 1,000 families homeless. The Count of Montijo was declared the heir of the steamer Schiller to neglect to use the lead..... The French Assembly voted $388,000 for the relief of the sufferers by the inundations, and a description was opened among the Deputies..... One man and five women, all colored, were drowned by the upsetting of a skiff on Holly Lake, Ark..... It was telegraphed that James Card Jr., was drowned at South Wickford, R. I., June 27; that at Pomeroy, O., on the 28th, Jacob Roushier killed himself, after having failed in an attempt to murder his wife, and that Thomas Manchester of Lawrence, Mass., cut his own and his wife's throat on the 27th—wounds not mortal..... Edmund Jones & Co. of London, Eng., agents of the Burmese Government, failed; liabilities, $750,000. ..... About 140 buildings were reported destroyed by a conflagration at Palacios, in Seville, Spain..... The American Consul at Zanzibar, Africa, was stated to have died and 12 others published letter, dated at Worcester, Mass., Louis Riel protested against his banishment as an act of injustice..... Michael McCarthy was fatally struck at Providence, R. I..... It was stated that in a sermon preached at Sarnia, Ont., June 27, the Catholic priest threatened with excommunication all Catholics who attend the Oddfellows' fetes..... A tornado in Detroit, Mich., killed two children, wounded three persons dangerously, and twelve others severely, besides demolishing twenty-three houses..... The death of Antoine Louis Barge, the French sculptor, was announced..... Gelsomina Martuscello was killed by jumping from a window in the Emigrant Hospital on Ward's Island..... Four desperadoes, L. Bedford, Ingalls, Montgomery, and McDavid, broke jail at Lawrence, Kansas, taking with them the jailer's firearms..... Charles Hanemann of Yorkville, this city, was arrested, charged with fatally stabbing Wendelin Rinschler..... Edward N. Shaw of Jersey City, N. J., was drowned in the North River. It was supposed that he committed suicide..... The lumber and grist mills of L. N. Granger and S. F. Cooley's store, North Hadley, Mass., were consumed by fire. Total loss $29,000, with an insurance of $7,500..... At Ottumwa, Iowa, one of the notorious Smith boys was hanged to a lamp-post by a mob for the murder of Deputy City-marshal W. Logan.

☞ June 29: The American team were victorious over the Irish team in the return International Rifle-match at Dollymount..... It was stated that six cases of cholera prevailed in Toulouse and Agen alone by the recent floods..... $40,000,000, and that relief for the sufferers was pouring in from all parts of France. Several Carlists were arrested in Barcelona during our Revolutionary War, he was born in that Canadian city in 1798. Educated at Edinburgh, in 1829 he began practice in Montreal, and was appointed in 1831 to the city..... While there made a special study of the formation of coal. In 1841 he came here and examined the coal-mines of Pennsylvania and Nova Scotia. In 1842 he made his report, and became chief of the Geological Survey, which position he resigned in 1870. He was the Canadian Commissioner to the London Exhibitions of 1851 and 1862, and to the Paris Exhibition of 1855. He received the decoration of C.M.G. and being specially recognized by the French Government, which conferred upon him the great gold medal and the decoration of a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, in which order he afterwards became an officer. He had the Wollaston Palladium Medal of the London Geographical Society and the Copley Medal of the British Royal Society, had corresponding membership of the Royal Society of Edward Sherow of Jersey City, N. J., cut his throat while suffering from delirium tremens..... The health officer announced the epidemic prevalence of yellow fever at Key West, Fla..... New from China reported that 1,000 lives were lost, a steamer and 150 junks destroyed, and property greatly damaged during a typhoon which visited Hong Kong, May 21; that China had appropriated 40,000 teals for representation at the Philadelphia Centennial, and that Hong Chow will send 10,000 teals' worth of porcelain and silks; that an officer of high rank was executed for giving advice in favor of the Foreign Legations, whom the Chinese authorities announce their determination to exterminate; that the Hong Kong authorities offer $500 for all bones found, after the destruction of the American Missionary Chapel; that the Government has refused to allow the further departure of emigrants to Cuba, except on condition of such reception of Chinese Consuls in Cuba, for the protection of the laborers, and this refusal has caused a serious quarrel with Spain..... While at breakfast, John Conlon, aged 64, of Chicago, Ill., was shot dead by a son-in-law, mortally wounded himself..... An incendiary fire partially destroyed the Watson-bridge Works, at Paterson, N. J., causing a loss of about $100,000, upon which there is an insurance of $163,000..... Gen. W. J. Pemberton, convicted of the murder of Mrs. Bingham, at Boston, Mass., was sentenced to be hanged..... Godfried Stange, aged 72, committed suicide in Brooklyn..... James Wright, aged 36, was found drowned in Middlebury, N. Y..... A crab 11 feet 4 inches long, caught in Yeddo Bay, was reported on exhibition in Yokohama, Japan.

☞ June 30: During a severe storm in Northern Delaware and adjoining sections of Pennsylvania, John Pierson, Lewis Welsh, and Miss Ida Jones were killed by lightning..... A number of persons were injured by a collision between passenger trains near Holly, Mich..... News from abroad was to the effect that the total amount collected for the relief of persons rendered homeless by floods in France had reached $200,000, and that the Pope had contributed $4,000; that Gen. Jovellar, Commander of the Spanish Army of the Centre, was advancing on the Carlist leader Dorregaray, whose force is now less than half that of the Jovellar; that the three mutineers of the schooner Jefferson Borden had sailed in the Bahama for New York, in custody of U. S. officers; that the bill making it an offer to commit assassination a penal offense was passed by the Belgian Senate; that the law abrogating three clauses of the Constitution was officially promulgated in Germany; that a German squadron will probably visit the United States in 1876 in return for the visit of Admiral Warden; that Count Moyospirzenstein has been appointed Minister of Austria to the United States; that Senor Castelar had refused to permit the passage of British troops through his territory; and that the failure of the following London firms was announced: Decroix, Rosita & Co. (liabilities $1,200,000), and Kilburn, Kershaw & Co. (liabilities estimated at $2,500,000)..... It was announced that on the 29th a man named Zeigler was drowned over a high embankment at Llewellyn, Pa., and was killed; a man named Bergen was crushed to death by a fall of coal at Mount Carmel, Pa.; Constable Henry C. Stratton committed suicide in Boston, Mass.; and James Sands, aged 52, was killed by lightning at Sands' Corner, Pa., while sitting by an open window..... Levi Sheetz's house was entirely, and Jacob Torrey's partially, destroyed by a cyclone in Lancaster, Pa..... General depression caused Thomas H. De Witt to blow out his brains in Richmond, Va..... E. A. Schade, aged 21, ended his life by cutting his throat in this city..... While digging a grave in Calvary Cemetery, Long Island, John Hassett was killed by the caving-in of the bank..... Losses by fire: Hunnewell & Co.'s oil and paint store, Boston, Mass.—loss $50,000; George A. Miller's brick building, Quincy, Ill.—loss $25,000, lightly insured; *The World* and *Independent* offices and other property in Helena, Ark.; two wooden buildings in Concord, Mass.—loss $8,000, covered by insurance; a block of buildings at Somerset Mills, Me.—loss $6,000; James Campbell's blacksmith shop, Greenpoint, L. I.—loss $8,000.

☞ July 1: General Cartina was arrested and placed under guard by the Mexican authorities, who also disarmed and imprisoned his police..... The suicide of Col. E. S. Carliss, Quartermaster at Fort Sanders, Wyoming Territory, on June 30, was announced..... Foreign dispatches stated that during a revolt of the peasants against the nobles in Transylvania, 200 persons were killed; that there is no diminution in the violence of the measles and typhoid fever in the Fiji Islands; that liabilities amounting to $3,750,000 and that before leaving Calcutta, Germany for Stockholm, Sweden, Admiral Worden, U. S. N., publicly expressed his thanks for the reception given to himself and officers..... Valentine Kuhn, aged 70, committed suicide by drowning in the Gowanus Canal, South Brooklyn, L. I..... Losses by fire: Leonard & Ellis' cylinder oil works, Brooklyn, L. I.—loss $30,000; No. 21 & 23 Rose's flouring mills, Rensselaer Falls, N. Y.—loss $20,000, insured for $9,000; several buildings in Trenton, N. J.—loss $6,000, partially insured..... The crew of the British bark La Bonne Intention, from Liverpool, arriving on the 22d ult., were brought to this port by the steamship Christia.....

BASEBALL.

GAMES TO COME OFF.

PROFESSIONAL.

July 7, Athletic vs. Boston, at Boston.
July 8, Athletic vs. Boston, at Boston.
July 8, Philadelphia vs. St. Louis, at Philadelphia.
July 10, Philadelphia vs. Louis, at Philadelphia.

AMATEUR.

July 9, Mutual of Meadville vs. Doerr, at Philadelphia.
July 10, Mutual of Meadville vs. Shibe, at Philadelphia.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP RECORD.

Two noteworthy occurrences took place in the professional arena last week, the one illustrative of a tendency or rowdyism to make its appearance on the ballfield again, and the other showing the glorious uncertainty of the game by the fact of the defeat of the champions by the club having the largest record of defeats in the arena. The case June 28, and is alluded to in another article, while the second case was that of the third match between the Boston and New Haven Clubs, played at New Haven on July 2, on which occasion the New Havens scored 10 unearned runs to 5 earned by the Reds, the latter losing the game by fielding errors. The next day, however, the "Reds" offset the defeat with a victory over the Hartfords at Boston by a score of 5 to 1. The Hartford Club presented Cummings as pitcher in two games with the Reds, and the results were defeats by 10 to 5 and 13 to 2. They have also played Bond as pitcher in three games against the Bostons, and the scores were 4 to 0 and 3 to 1. It is an established fact that a club nine can not pose pitcher with better effect than they can another, and it is found advisable, therefore, to have two first-class pitchers in a nine, not merely for use in case of emergency, but to be able to present the pitcher who is most effective against any opposing nine. Cummings is more effective, for instance, against one nine when facing another, and so is Bond. The former has never troubled the Athletic much, but the latter has. It is this using of pitchers according to their effect on this or that club that shows sound captainship, and not the retaining of one man in the position in every game simply because he is successful in the majority. The victory of the Hartfords in Chicago was a noteworthy event of the week, while the defeat of the St. Louis full team in Chicago—while en route to Boston—is ominous for the tour of the "Browns," who play in Philadelphia on Thursday and Saturday, July 8 and 10. The Boston victory over the Hartfords, is a check to the effort of the latter to secure second position again, it being the new in won games, though the Athletics have the advantage in the record of fewest defeats. We notice that the partisan papers still claim the umpires whenever they get nine loses a game. This is the smallest kind of business a reporter can be engaged in. If an umpire does well, praise him. If he errs—interprets a rule, corrects his error courteously; but if he errs in judgment, keep silent. That is the only fair rule. The Athletics are to play two games in Boston this week.

Record of games played to July 3, inclusive:

June 27, Red Stocking vs. Washington, St. Louis. 5 to 0
June 28, Boston vs. Athletic, Philadelphia (drawn). 10 10
June 29, Hartford vs. Mutual, Brooklyn. 18 10
June 29, St. Louis vs. Washington, St. Louis. 4 1
June 30, Boston vs. Atlantic, Brooklyn. 15 7
July 1, St. Louis vs. Washington, St. Louis. 14 2
July 2, New Haven vs. Boston, New Haven. 10 5
July 3, Athletic vs. Philadelphia, Philadelphia. 2 1
July 3, Chicago vs. St. Louis, St. Louis (11 inn.). 8 5
July 3, Boston vs. Hartford, Boston. 5 1
July 3, Red Stocking vs. Washington, Cincinnati (drawn). 3 3

Table showing the number of games played and forfeited by championship clubs up to July 3, inclusive, so far as reported:

	Athletic	Boston	Chicago	Cincinnati	Hartford	Mutual	Philadelphia	Red Stocking	St. Louis	Washington	New Haven	Total games won.
Boston	1	3	5	6	5	6	4	1	2	7	2	53
Athletic		2	3	5	6	5	6	4	1	2	7	53
Hartford	2	1	4	5	5	6	5	4	1	2	7	52
Philadelphia	1	2	3	5	6	5	6	4	1	2	7	52
Mutual	2	1	3	5	6	5	6	4	1	2	7	52
Chicago	1	1	2	5	6	5	6	4	1	2	7	50
St. Louis	1	1	2	5	6	5	6	4	1	2	7	50
Red Stocking	1	1	2	5	6	5	6	4	1	2	7	50
New Haven	1	1	2	5	6	5	6	4	1	2	7	50
Washington	1	1	2	5	6	5	6	4	1	2	7	50
Total lost	4	6	11	14	15	23	9	6	20	13	24	145

BOSTON vs. HARTFORD.

Of the fourth championship game between these clubs, played at the Union Grounds, *The Boston Times* thus speaks: "The champions were out in full force in their old positions, while the visitors presented one of the strongest nines of the season, Carey, Western, at centre-field, and Earbridge, a new face to Boston, at first base, in place of Mills, who was injured in a game in St. Louis recently. The game was finely played quickly, neither nine accomplishing anything, the only noticeable feature being a three-base hit by George Wright. In the fourth inning the visitors had two men on the bases, with but one out, and everything looked promising for at least two runs, but the peculiar pitching of Spalding bothered them so that the inning closed at the end of his delivery. This brilliant play was heartily applauded, and it was evident that the champions were making their most earnest effort to win. The visitors not far behind them, and only for an error by Burdock, the first run would have been perfect. As it was, the champions made a run, Again the Nutmeg nine relieved the visitors of the order, while the champions added two runs to their score. What got this base on a bad muff by Burdock; Manning made a base hit and each a base on a passed ball. Shafer out on a fly to Quinn. George Wright's weak hit was got round to third, where he was left, "Andy" going out at first. This was indeed a starter, and a ten or eleven innings game would be the result. However, the visitors got out of their depth in the new inning and commenced their sixth inning in fine style, Bond making a two-base hit. Allison O'Rourke's fly to Wright, he retired. Burdock made a base, which sent Bond to third. Carey had a life at third. While the batter was traveling down to cut him off, Bond came in, Quinn stood on the home plate, waiting for a ball that resisted him. Burdock under-Red Stockings, first base, but was quickly surrounded by fielders and put out by Spalding. The remaining innings were quickly played by both nine, no run or a base-hit, the champions winning by a score of 3 to 1. The exception to this game was the finest fielding game of the season, only one error being scored for the champions. The pitching of Spalding excelled anything of the kind ever seen in Boston, the visitors scoring but three base-hits in the game. White's catching and McVey's first-base play were fine. The short-stop and second-base were the weak points in the Hartfords. The umpiring was good, each decision being given quickly and upon its merits. The following is the score:

BOSTON.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	HARTFORD.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
G. Wright, s.s.	0	1	3	1	0	Allison, c.	0	0	5	0	2
Barnes, 2d b.	0	1	2	3	0	Burdock, 2d b.	0	0	2	5	2
Leonard, l.f.	0	1	2	0	0	O'Rourke, c.f.	0	1	2	0	0
McVey, 1st b.	0	0	9	0	0	Quinn, r.f.	0	0	1	0	0
Spalding, p.	0	0	0	0	0	York, l.f.	0	0	2	0	0
White, c.	1	0	8	1	0	Ferguson, 3d b.	0	0	2	1	1
Manning, r.f.	1	0	1	0	0	Remsen, p.	0	0	0	1	0
Schafer, 3d b.	0	0	0	0	0	Harbridge, 1st b	0	0	15	0	0
						Bond, p.	0	0	1	4	0
Totals.	3	6	27	9	1		0	2	27	11	5

Boston	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	0	3
Hartford	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

Runs earned—Boston, 1; Hartford, 1. First base by error—Boston, 2; Hartford, 0. Passed balls—White, 0; Allison, 3. Struck out—Burdock, Quinn and York. Foul flies—Boston, 8; Hartford, 5. Umpire, Wm. Boyd of the Atlantics. Time, 1h. 40m.

ATHLETIC vs. PHILADELPHIA.

The fifth championship game between these two rival professional nines of Philadelphia was played on their grounds in that city, on the afternoon of July 3. The weather was all that could be desired, a good breeze slightly favoring the batting. Both were out in full uniform. The betting was in favor of the Athletics at the odds of 100 to 60, respective scores of 6 to 3, 4 to 2, 3 to 2, and 16 to 5 of the games by the rival nines had won the other game played by a score of 4 to 2. The Athletics took the lead at the start, scoring a run in the first inning on Clapp's force-hit, and errors by Malone and Snyder. The Philadelphias made a very feeble second inning, Meyerle leading off with a clean hit; and after Force had lost an opportunity to "double him up" on Fisher's hit, he came home on Clapp's. The Athletics secured in the third inning what proved to be the winning run; Force leading off with a safe hit to short. Fisher fanned, and Craver, after two were out, reached first base on "dead ball," being given a base on balls. Sutton then hit a ball that dropped out of Treacy's reach, and Force and Craver simultaneously made an effort to reach the respective home and third base; Treacy, however, fielding the ball to the former in time to put out Force at third base, and the ensuing after a little wrangle between the two umpires—to satisfaction of the Philadelphia audience—Craver's run should be counted, much to the disappointment of the Athletics. Neither were able to score in the last six innings, the Philadelphias making a couple of times on errors. The final result was a creditable victory for the Athletics, a score of 2 to 1. The batting in fine style, Bond making a two-base hit and Allison's fly to Craver was superb; Snyder also catching remarkably effective, as is evidenced by the very weak batting of both nines.

PHILA.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	ATHLETIC.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Murnan, c.f.	0	0	1	0	0	Force, s.s.	0	1	1	4	0
Meyerle, 3d b.	0	0	0	1	3	Clapp, c.	0	1	5	1	0
Addy, r.f.	0	0	1	0	0	Fisler, 1st b.	0	0	12	0	0
Meyerle, 2d b.	0	1	2	5	2	Craver, 2d b.	1	0	2	3	0
Fisher, p.	0	0	0	0	1	Sutton, 3d b.	0	0	2	1	1
Malone, l.f.	0	1	1	0	1	Hall, l.f.	0	0	0	0	0
Fulmer, s.s.	0	0	1	2	0	Snyder, c.	0	0	4	2	0
Snyder, c.	0	0	4	0	0	McBride, p.	0	0	0	2	0
Treacy, 1 f.	0	0	1	2	2	Eggler, c.f.	0	0	1	0	0
Totals.	0	3	10	10	9	Totals.	2	3	27	15	3

Philadelphia	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0
Athletic	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0—2

Runs earned—None. First-base on fielding errors—Philadelphia, 6 times; Athletic, 2 times. First-base on called balls—Athletic, 1 time. Double-play—Force, Craver, and Fisler. Umpire, George Reubel. Time of game, 1h. 50m.

NEW HAVEN vs. BOSTON.

The Elm City professionals, as they are noted for their defeats than for their conquests, astonished the fraternity last week by beating the champions two to one in New Haven. Ct. A dispatch says: "Spalding, Wright and Barnes were absent from the Bostons, and Tepper and Latham from the home nine, a large crowd witnessed the game. After the first inning the New Haven took the lead and kept it to the end, the Bostons scoring no runs after the third inning. At the bat the New Havens excelled the champions, and in fielding the Bostons made seven errors to one. Have'n'll. There were five base-hits by McVey, Spalding, Burdock and Manning in succession during the third inning, by which the Bostons scored three runs, all of them earned. In the first McVey knocked the ball three times, each time making a home run. The pitching of Nichols was quite effective, and considerable to do with the result. Much improvement has been manifested in the Have'n'ds' play recently At the end the people lifted Nichols on their shoulders and carried him in triumph, amid great excitement." Following is the score:

NEW HAVEN.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	BOSTON.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
McKelvey, r.f.	0	1	1	0	0	Leonard, s.s.	0	1	3	1	
Luff, 3d b.	0	1	2	4	1	Spalding, p.	0	0	0	4	
McDiney, c.	0	2	2	4	1	White, c.	0	1	1	9	1
Somerville, 2d b.	0	0	2	4	1	Manning, r.f.	0	0	2	0	
Gould, 1st b.	0	1	1	1	0	Beals, 2d b.	0	0	2	0	
Geer, c.f.	1	2	1	0	0	Schafer, 3d b.	0	0	1	4	
Wright, s.s.	1	2	0	2	0	Hallman, 1st b.	0	0	14	0	
Nichols, p.	0	2	0	2	0	Hallman, r.f.	0	0	1	0	
Ryan, l.f.	0	0	1	0	0	Heifert, l.f.	0	0	0	0	
Totals.	2	10	13	27	16	Totals.	0	3	27	15	

New Haven	0	0	3	2	1	0	1	0	0—7
Boston	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Runs earned—Boston, 2; New Haven, 2. First base on errors—Boston, 8; New Haven, 4. Umpire, C. H. Avery, Yale nine. Time, 1h. 30m.

ATHLETIC vs. SHIBE.

The first game this season between the Athletics and Shibes, the latter flying the pennant as the champion amateur club of Philadelphia, took place on the 1st of July, on the former's ground. The Athletics, who played Anson and Gilroy in the absence of Eggler and Clapp, rattled considerably in the fourth inning, allowed them to get a good lead, which they were not able to overcome until the seventh inning. The Shibes batted very well in the fourth inning, making five clean hits; and, assisted by some damaging errors by Hall, Force, Anson and Craver, scored no less than twelve runs; this, however, proving to be all that they were able to make in the game. Gilroy, Coons and Creamer excelled in fielding.

ATHLETIC.	T.	R.	1B.	P.	A.	E.	SHIBE.	T.	R.	1B.	P.	A.	E.
Force, s.s.	5	4	4	1	3	3	Coons, c.	5	1	1	5	0	1
Anson, c.f.	5	2	1	5	0	2	O'Neill, 1 f.	5	0	1	3	0	1
Fisler, 1st b.	5	1	1	7	0	0	Fouser, 1st b	5	0	0	11	0	3
Craver, 2d b.	5	0	1	2	1	2	Reynolds, 2b	5	1	1	3	0	0
Sutton, 3d b.	5	0	1	1	3	0	Creamer, s.s	4	1	1	1	5	3
Hall, l.f.	4	0	0	1	0	4	Lutz, 3d b.	5	1	3	1	1	1
Bechtel, r.f.	4	0	2	0	0	0	Weaver, p.	5	0	1	0	3	1
McBride, p.	5	0	0	0	1	0	Hartley, r.f.	5	1	1	1	0	0
Gilroy, c.	5	2	1	7	0	0	Martin, c.f.	4	1	0	3	0	0
Totals.	43	9	10	27	8	12	Totals.	43	6	11	27	16	7

Athletic	1	0	0	0	0	1	2	0	3—9
Shibe	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5—6

Runs earned—Athletic, 2; Shibe, 2. First base on errors—Athletic, 5; Shibe, 5. Umpire, John English of the Olympic Club. Time, 2h.5m.

THE PEARLS IN THE QUEEN CITY.—The New Haven and Philadelphia clubs are to have played on the Ludlow grounds June 28, but the former failed to come to time. On the 29th the Philadelphias went through the Covington (Ky.) Stars, to the following tune:

Philadelphia	0	2	0	0	2	0	0	2	0—6
Star	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0—2

The next day the visitors tackled the Ludlows, and won handily, though the score was close enough to be interesting:

Philadelphia	3	1	0	0	0	1	2	0	0—7
Ludlow	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	0	0—3

THE HARTFORD CLUB defeated the Maple Leaf Club at Guelph, Ont., July 1. Score, 14 to 2.

ATHLETIC vs. BOSTON.

Disgraceful Scenes on the Ballfield.

Since the Professional Association Convention of March last there has existed a feeling between the Athletic Club of Philadelphia and the Red Stocking Club, which has been anything but of a friendly character. The war of words between the club officials growing out of the Force controversy engendered sentiments not calculated to make things pleasant on the occasion of the field meetings between the two clubs, or to lessen the excitement which their rivalry as the leading contestants for the pennant would naturally create. Of course, anything of this kind coming from officials of the clubs is only increased when it is taken up by their active partisans; and some of these have only fanned the flame of animosity by their ill-advised comments on the games played and the conduct of the crowds who have witnessed them. Unfortunately, there are too few writers on the press who endeavor to heal discords of this kind, the tendency being rather to widen a breach than to bring about a reunion. The Athletic Club, especially, seems to be possessed of friends of this class, and it is their active partisans; and some of these have only fanned the flame of animosity by their ill-advised comments on the games played and the conduct of the crowds who have witnessed them. Unfortunately, there are too few writers on the press who endeavor to heal discords of this kind, the tendency being rather to widen a breach than to bring about a reunion. The Athletic Club, especially, seems to be possessed of friends of this class, and it is their partisan writing that the present ill-feeling between the two clubs is largely due. Local gatherings at ball-matches are apt enough, as it is, to display their too active partisanship, without being urged thereto by the inciting comments of partisan writers, and especially by this characteristic of Boston and Philadelphia baseball assemblages. Accustomed as we are here in the metropolis, to partial crowds, the boyish display of local partisan feeling exhibited on such occasions as the meetings between the pet clubs of Boston and Philadelphia on their respective grounds, amuses rather than anything else; but when it takes the form it has on the occasions of the playing of the championship contests of the Boston and Athletic Clubs, first in Boston with partisan yells and hootings, and then in Philadelphia with overt acts of rowdy interruption, it ceases to be a subject for mirth, and becomes a matter needing the prompt attention of the managers of both organizations to put a stop to it. Let us see how the case stands, and where the censure for this display of partisan ill-will is chiefly due.

After the "statements" from the club officials, and the war of words between the press partisans of the two clubs, the latter agreed to open the campaign on the field, and the Athletics sent their nine to Boston, where they met with anything but a gentlemanly reception at the hands of the local crowd of spectators. Still the Boston Club gave them a fair field, and that is all a club can be expected to do; for no organization can control their followers, except through the medium of the police and the local press, and this power was in this case passively held back from any effort to remedy the trouble. On the occasion of the return games in Philadelphia, the local gathering went in for paying the Boston Club off for the insults that club's followers had showered upon the Athletics. Had the action of the Philadelphia assemblage been confined to mere words, things would not have been so bad; but, encouraged to a certain extent by some of the club followers, and especially by the friends of one particular player, they proceeded, on the occasion of the second of the Philadelphia games, from mere words to overt acts; and by interrupting the playing of the game at a time when the Boston nine had pluckily rallied to a lead and gained it, they unquestionably deprived the visiting club of a well-earned victory. Though it cannot, of course, be said that this was done by the Athletic Club officially, the absence of any police power to control the rowdy element, which it was well known would show their hands on the occasion, threw the onus of the disturbance on the shoulders of the club officials; for when little or no effort is made by a club to prevent such occurrences, they in a measure become responsible. The result of the contest in question was a tie game of 3 to 3, and the sequence was retributive action by the Boston-club crowd on the occasion of the first visit of the Athletics to the "Hub;" not that the Boston Club failed to present a clear field for the two games played there, but that the insulting and intimidating conduct of the crowd of spectators was such as naturally to demoralize the visiting players. After this, of course, came the desire to revenge this display of partisan ill-will by an exhibition of similar rowdy conduct on the part of the Athletics. Under the demoralizing influence of such intimidation, the fifth game of the series was played, and to the intense delight of the gambling ring, the "City of Brotherly Love" the "Reds" were defeated by the large odds of 10 to 1. One would suppose that this would have been sufficient to have made things square; but not so: and accordingly, on the occasion of the sixth match, when it was seen that the initial period of the contest, which promised victory, the partisan crowd went to work and broke in upon the field and stopped play. "But are we responsible for this?" say the Athletic officials. Gentlemen, from all impartial accounts you were. Where were the proper police force that the club should have had on the ground prepared for just such an emergency as they well knew was likely to mark the contest? That such a force would have been present to insure a fair field for the batting club, none can gainsay. That no such power to quell a disturbance was present was the fault of the Athletic Club, and to that extent they are amenable to the charge of countenancing such interference. We are glad to note that Mr. Thompson of the Athletic Club—it would have come with better grace from any President—has deemed it proper to place himself clearly on record as discountenancing in the strongest and most decided style the proceedings of June 28. His letter to Mr. Apollonio is as follows:

ROOMS OF ATHLETIC BASEBALL CLUB,
PHILADELPHIA, June 29, 1875.

N. T. APOLLONIO, ESQ.—DEAR SIR.—After consulting with Harry Wright regarding yesterday's disgraceful termination of our game, we write you as his request, proposing that you visit us again on the 7th and 8th of July, to play the two drawn games, on the following conditions: 1st. We guarantee you ample police arrangements to prevent a recurrence of interference. 2d. We will give you one-half of the proceeds of the game and pay your club and officers to play you in Boston, same dates and terms, not asking our car-fares, which we offer you, hoping you will be able to be for both our interests to play here, but we desire particularly to show that we deprecate the affair, and intend We are well aware that a like nature in the future hurt the game, and we think that your people, feeling justly will in treating our club in the same manner, will by more demonstrative if we play in Boston before playing here.

Very respectfully yours, G. W. THOMPSON.

Mr. Apollonio, in a letter to *The Boston Herald* on the subject, says:

In reply we have said to them that, as the rules provide that *tied or drawn* games shall be played after the series of games is completed, we will play the next two games at Boston on the usual terms, and as they are due upon the Boston grounds, we will, if they desire it, play them on the 7th and 8th of July. We have informed them that we will not consent to have here, viz., protection, but that we pledge ourselves to secure for their nine courteous treatment by the spectators. It is not to be denied that of late many unruly and disorderly persons in Boston assemble at games have brought discredit upon us by their demonstrations against a few individual players in one or two of the visiting nines, and against some of the gentlemen who have filled the position of umpire. Such behavior is distasteful to the larger and better portion of the spectators who attend the matches in Boston, and the directors of the Boston Association are determined to put a stop to it in future. If allowed to continue, the belief will gain ground that the Boston nine does not possess sufficient confidence in its own strength to be willing to meet its rivals in fair trials of skill even upon its own grounds. T. APOLLONIO,
President B. B. A.

Let the regular programme be carried out, and let the Boston Club show their rivals of Philadelphia that they can and will, as heretofore, present a fair field, and this time, too, give the Athletic Club a fair show in respect to the bluster which the crowd indulge in in Boston. We know what it is. We saw it years ago when the rival nines of Harvard College and the Lowell Club of Boston used to battle for championship honors. Then it was a disgrace to a city of educated people like Boston to hear the gross partisan ill-will which was displayed. Let all such boyish exhibitions be put a stop to. Overt action by the clubs, of course, we think and should stop. Let them equally strive to frown down those discreditable partisan comments, this howling at a player when he misses a ball, and the derisive cheers when he is committed, while every play of the local nine is lauded, be it good, bad or indifferent, so that it help the local nine.

We understand that the Athletics have arranged to play the Bostons in Boston on July 7 and 8.

OLYMPIC vs. TRENTON.

The Trenton, N. J., Club visited Patterson, July 1, and then and there gave the Olympic nine their first whipping. The Olympics had no catcher to support Nolan's swift pitching, and consequently could not play up to their previous standard. The Trentons got their runs in second, third, fourth and seventh innings on passed balls. In the eighth and after chances to put out the first three strikers had been passed, a couple of good base-hits helped the South Jersey champions to four unearned runs. The Olympics barely escaped a Chicago, the batting of Nolan's splendid pitching. He is of the Princeton University nine, and fully deserves his high reputation. He is, without exception, the best amateur box-player since Martin's time. The field on both sides was pretty well played, the Trentons excelling. The base-hits show how well the pitchers did their work.

OLYMPIC.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	TRENTON.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.
Forsch, s.	5	0	1	0	3	Bradley, 2d b.	4	1	1	0	1
Jas. Mullin, ss.	5	0	0	2	6	Van Horn, c.	4	1	1	11	0
St Lawrence, c.	5	0	0	6	2	Moore, s.s.	4	0	0	1	3
Fredericks, c.	4	0	0	0	0	Mann, p.	4	1	1	1	1
Wiggins, c.f.	4	0	0	0	0	Magowan, 1st b.	4	2	1	7	0
Nolan, p.	5	0	1	0	5	Willis, l.f.	4	0	1	1	0
Webb, 1 f.	5	0	0	1	0	Webb, 1 f.	4	0	0	2	0
Jno. Mullin, 3b.	5	0	0	3	0	Kulp, 3d b	4	1	0	0	1
Warren, 1 f.	5	1	1	1	0	Dumont, c.f.	4	1	0	0	0
Totals.	33	2	3	27	16	Totals.	36	8	5	27	5

Olympic	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0
Trenton	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	2—4

First base by errors—Olympic, 5; Trenton, 5. Runs earned—none. Umpire, Mr. Malmes of the Trenton Club. Time, 1h. 35m.

ACTIVE vs. PACIFIC.

A seven-innings game between the Actives of Reading, Pa., and the Pacific Club of Philadelphia, on the former's grounds, July 1, was won by the Actives by the score appended:

ACTIVE.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	PACIFIC.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Stott, ss.	1	1	1	1	1	Gelbraith, 3d b.	0	1	0	1	0
Goodman, 3d b.	2	2	1	1	0	Timmons, 2d b.	1	0	0	2	0
James, 1st b.	0	0	0	2	0	Stevens, c.f.	0	1	1	0	0
Lovett, p.	1	1	1	0	0	Heffernan, r.f.	0	1	1	0	0
Dillon, l.f.	1	1	4	0	2	Gilmore, c.	0	2	2	0	0
Davis, c.f.	1	1	1	0	0	Warbrick, s.s.	0	1	1	1	1
Waren, s.s.	2	2	1	1	0	Carrigan, 1st b.	0	1	1	1	1
Smith, c.	1	1	1	1	0	Smith, p.	0	0	1	0	0
Lauman, r.f.	1	1	1	0	0	Baker, l.f.	0	0	1	0	0
Totals.	10	12				Totals.	2	7			

Actives	1	0	1	6	0	2	0	1	0—12
Pacific	1	0	2	0	2	0	0	0	0—5

Runs earned—Actives, 5; Pacific, 1. First-base hits—Active, 12; Pacific, 6. First base on errors—Active, 11; Pacific, 5. Bases on called balls—Active, 1. Passed balls—Smith, 1; Gilmore, 4. Umpire, S. Fleishman.

A CORRECTIVE STATEMENT CORRECTED.—WASHINGTON, July 1, 1875.—EDITOR CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir:* In your last issue, under the head "A Statement Corrected," bearing the date of June 26, relative to real amateur clubs. In regard to receiving professionals into the ranks of the National Club, I have this to say: Holly of the National, like Berthrong of the Beacon, has played in a professional nine—Holly in the Washington nines of 1873 and 1875, Berthrong in the Olympic (Washington) nine of 1871. They are now playing in amateur nines, i. e., the National and Beacon; and yet, in the opinion of the secretary of the Beacon club, the latter is a "real amateur club," while the National is not. But one other player has played with the National Club who was ever in a professional club, and he in one game only. The National has had no paid player on its regular nine since its reorganization in the Spring, during which time it has played forty-six games with amateur clubs, losing five. If I was in error in regard to the Beacon Club of Boston, it was not from any desire to disparage "a true amateur (?) club in Massachusetts." Respectfully, W. S. P.

THE JUDICIARY COMMITTEE of the National Association of Amateur Baseball Players will meet in the Arlington Club-rooms, No. 248 Fourth avenue, this city, Friday, July 9, at four o'clock, P. M.

MUTUAL vs. UNION.

The Union Club of Elizabeth, N. J., visited the Union Grounds, Brooklyn, L. I., on July 3, to try the strength of their nine against that of the Mutuals; and as the latter used one of Ross' dead balls, the result was a quickly played fielding game, marked by a very small score. The Union nine included the veteran short-stop and first-baseman of the Irvingtons of eight years ago, Stockman and Campbell, and the old second-base player of the Peerless, Starr. From Macdiarmed, as also Austin of the Morrisania Unions, and for pitcher they had young Furroy of the Flyaway. The wind blew strongly in favor of the pitching, and this, with the dead ball to bat with, rendered pretty skilful play at the bat necessary to score base-hits. With men of muscle at the bat and large, heavy bats to sling at swiftest pitching, as there is not much in mere speed. But with a dead ball, good support in the field and "headwork" in pitching, something more than muscle and quick sight is requisite in batting. The Mutuals got in two runs in their second inning on a single-base-hit, and these were all the runs scored in the entire game. The Unions failed to score but one base-hit in nine innings of play, the Mutuals supporting Mathews' pitching finely. Of the play on the occasion, that of Campbell, Dolan and Wardell was good on the Union side, Furroy making the only base-hit. He also pitched well, and was supported in good style by Farrow. The prettiest catch was that of Macdiarmid. On the Mutual side Hicks caught well, and Dolan did service at third base, he making the only base-hit in the game—a fine ball, hot from the bat, of the season. Gerhardt led at the bat.

MUTUAL.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	UNION.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Holder'd'r, 1b	3	0	0	7	0	0	Macd'med, r.f	4	0	0	1	0	0
Hallinan, s.s	4	0	0	1	1	0	Austin, c.f.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Hicks, c.	4	0	0	9	2	2	Campbell, 1b	4	0	1	9	0	0
Gerhard, c. 2b	3	0	0	1	1	0	Furroy, p.	3	0	0	1	1	0
Booth, l.f.	3	0	1	2	0	0	Dolan, s.s.	3	0	1	2	4	1
Nelson, 3b.	3	1	0	1	3	0	Farrow, c.	3	0	1	2	4	1
Mathews, p.	3	1	1	1	1	0	Spackm'n, 3b	3	0	0	2	1	0
Barney, c.f.	4	0	0	1	0	0	Farney, 2b.	3	0	0	3	2	2
Phelps, r.f.	3	0	1	0	0	0	Ward, l.f.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Totals.	32	2	4	27	8	3	Totals.	30	0	1	27	10	4

Mutual	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—2
Union	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Earned—Mutual, 0; Union, 0. First base by errors—Mutual, 3; Union, 2. Umpire, Mr. Clinton of the Atlantic Club. Time of game, 1h. 30min.

THE WATERTOWN TOURNEY.

The amateur tournament at Watertown, N. Y., for prizes of $450, $350, and $250, commenced on July 5. The opening game was between the Stars of Syracuse, N. Y., and the Flyaways of New York. The latter's late victory over the professional Atlantics rendered them the favorites. The game was close and interesting up to the fourth inning, and then, by retiring for blanks. The Oaks blanked the Stars three times more in succession, they, in the meantime, scoring six runs, none being earned. By good batting in the seventh inning the Stars scored five runs, three of which were earned. Below is the score by innings:

Live Oak	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0
Star	0	0	0	0	0	2	3	3	2—13

Umpire, Geo. Scott of the Association. On Friday, July 2, a game was played between the Stars of Syracuse and the Flyaways of New York. This was thought to be a walkover for the latter club, but it did not so prove:

STARS.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	FLYAWAYS.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Ferrer, cf.	1	1	0	0

From Harper's Weekly of July 3.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S GUESTS.

A FARM LEGEND.

BY WILL CARLETON.

I.

The district schoolmaster was sitting behind his great
book-laden desk,
Close-watching the motions of scholars, pathetic and gay
and grotesque.

As whisper the half-leafless branches, when Autumn's
brisk breezes have come,
So a little scrub-thicket of pupils sent upward a half-smothered hum;

Like the frequent sharp bang of a wagon when treading a
forest path o'er,
Resounded the feet of his pupils, whenever their heels
struck the floor.

There was little Tom Timms on the front seat, whose face
was withstanding a drouth,
And jolly Jack Gibbs just behind him, with a rainy new-
moon for a mouth;

There were both of the Smith boys, as studious as if they
bore names that could bloom,
And Jim Jones, a heaven-built mechanic, the slyest young
knave in the room,

With a countenance grave as a horse's, and his honest eyes
fixed on a pin,
Queer work a deeply laid project to tunnel Joe Hawkins' skin.

There were anxious young novices, drilling their spelling-
books into the brain,
Loud-puffing each half-whispered lester, like an engine
just starting its train;

There was one fiercely muscular fellow, who scowled at
the sums on his slate,
And leered at the innocent figures a look of unspeakable
hate,

And set his white teeth close together, and gave his thin
lips a short twist,
As to say: "I could whip you, confound you! could such
things be done with the fist!"

There were two knowing girls in the corner, each one with
some beauty possessed,
In a whisper discussing the problem which one the young
master likes best;

A class in the front, with their "Readers," were telling,
with difficult pains,
How perished brave Marco Bozzaris while bleeding at all of
his veins;

And a boy on the floor to be punished, a statue of idleness
Making faces at all of the others, and enjoying the scene all
he could.

II.

Around were the walls gray and dingy, which every old
school-sanctum hath,
With many a break on their surface, where grinned a
wood-colored rent of bath.

A patch of thick plaster, just over the schoolmaster's
rickety chair,
Seemed threateningly o'er him suspended, like Damocles'
sword by a hair.

There were tracks on the desks where the knife-blades had
wandered in search of their prey;
Their tops were as duskily spattered as if they drank ink
every day.

The square stove it puffed and it crackled, and broke out in
red flaming sores,
Till the great iron quadruped trembled like a dog fierce to
rush out-o'-doors.

White snow-flakes looked in at the windows; the gale
pressed its lips to the cracks;
And the children's hot faces were streaming, the while
they were freezing their backs.

III.

Now Marco Bozzaris had fallen, and all of his sufferings
were o'er,
And the class to their seats were retreating, when footsteps
were heard at the door;

And five of the good district fathers marched into the room
in a row,
And stood themselves up by the hot fire, and shook off their
white cloaks of snow;

And the spokesman, a grave squire of sixty, with counte-
nance solemnly sad,
Spoke thus, while the children all listened, with all of the
ears that they had:

"We've come here, schoolmaster, intendin' to cast an in-
quirin' eye 'round,
Concernin' complaints that's been entered, an' fault that
has lately been found;

To poke off the whirls of your dotin's, an' witness what
you're been about,
An' see if it's payin' to keep you, or whether we'd best turn
ye out.

"The first thing I'm bid *for* to mention is, when the class
gets up to read,
You give 'em too tight of a reinin' an' touch 'em up more
than they need;

You're richer than wise in the matter of holdin' the book in
one han',
An' you turn a stray *g* in their doin's, an' tack an odd *d* on
their an';

There's aint no great good comes of speakin' the words so
politte, as I see,
Providin' you know what the facts is, an' tell 'em off jest
as it be.

An' then there's that readin' in concert, is censured from
first unto last;
It kinds up a heap of a racket, when folks is a-travelin'
past.

Whatever is done as to readin', providin' things go to my
way,
Sha'n't hang on no new-fangled hinges, but swing in the
old-fashioned way."

And the other four district fathers gave quick the consent
that was due,
And nodded obliquely, and muttered: "*Them 'ere is my
sentiments too.*"

"Then, as to your spellin': I've heern tell, by them as has
looked into this,
That you turn the a out o' your labour, an' make the word
shorter than 'tis;

An' clip the *h* off o' yer musick, which makes my son Eph-
raim perplexed,
An' when he spells out as he ought'r, you pass the word on
to the next.

They say there's some new-grafted books here that don't
take them letters adoing;
But if it is so, just depend on't, them new-grafted books is
made wrong.

You might just as well say that Jackson didn't know
there was about war,
As to say that old Spellin'-book Webster didn't know what
them letters was for."

And the other four good district fathers gave quick the con-
sent that was due,
And scratched their heads slyly and softly, and said:
"*Them's my sentiments too.*"

"Then, also, your 'rithmetic doin's as they are reported
to me,
Is that you have left Tare an' Tret out, an' also the old Rule
o' Three;

An' likewise brought in a new study, some high-steppin'
scholars to please,
With saw-bucks an' crosses and pot-hooks, an' *a's*, *x*, *y's*,
an' *z's*.

We aint got no time for such foolin'; there aint no great
good to be reached
By tiptoin' childr'n up higher than ever their fathers was
teached."

And the other four good district fathers gave quick the con-
sent that was due,
And cocked one eye up to the ceiling, and said: "*Them's my
sentiments too.*"

"Another thing I must here mention comes into the ques-
tion to-day,
Concernin' some things in the grammar you're teachin'
our gals for to say.

My gals is as steady as clock-work, an' never give cause for
much fear,
But they come home from school t'other evenin' a-talkin'
such stuff as this here:

'*I love*, an' '*Thou lovest*,' an' '*He loves*,' an' '*Ye love*,' an' '*You
love*,' an' '*They*'

An' they answered my questions: 'It's grammar'—'twas all
I could get 'em to say.

Now if, 'stead of doin' your duty, you're carryin' matters
on so
As to make the gals say that they love you, it's just all that
I want to know;"

IV.

Now Jim, the young heaven-built mechanic, in the dusk of
the evening before,
Had wellnigh unlocked the stove-pipe, to make it come
down on the floor;

And the squire bringing smartly his foot down, as a clincher
to what he had said,
A joint of the pipe fell upon him, and larruped him square
on the head.

The soot flew in clouds all about him, and blotted with black
all the place,
And the squire and the other four fathers were peppered
with black in the face.

The school, ever sharp for amusement, laid down all their
cumbersome books,
And, spite of the teacher's endeavors, laughed loud at their
visitors' looks.

And the squire, as he stalked to the doorway, swore oaths
of a violet hue;
And the four district fathers, who followed, seemed to say,
"*Them's my sentiments too.*"

TIGER CAT;

OR,

THE SMASHAWAYS TO THE RESCUE.

A BASEBALL ROMANCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY MAJOR MARBLE.

All games, from the "games of the gods" down to the "games of Hoyle," and all prescribed and popularized entertainments and pleasures, are more or less connected with romance. The Olympian Games, the Roman Arena, the Spanish Bull-ring, Cockpit, and Fandango, the Italian Corso, the English Turf and Prize-ring, the French Bal-masque, the German Sængerbund, the Swiss Scheutzen Fest, the Irish Fair, the Scotch Games (many), the American Skating-rink, the Theatre, the Circus, the Church, Yachting, Boating, Ballooning, Cards and Dice, (mountains of romance here), Chess, Hunting, Fishing, etc., etc.—all these are more or less connected with romance; but where is Baseball?

Undoubtedly, Baseball and Romance are allied; but, if so, we have never met with them in print—they have been backward in coming forward. But here goes a "Romance of the Ring," a "Romance of Baseball," provided the powers that be regard it of sufficient romance power.

Ella Syms was a Brooklyn girl, which may be tantamount to saying that she was pretty. But we will say she was more than pretty—she was handsome. She was a blonde of the fairest type, with hair of gold and eyes of sapphire, with a color that came from the rose and lips that blended, with the hue that mocked the hue of the rich red ruby, with teeth that shamed the fairest pearls, with a nose that was a thing of beauty and perfection, and a smile that was the brightest, sweetest Summer sunshine itself. But, oh! how those eyes could flash, how those nostrils could dilate and quiver, how those lips could compress with determination, or the upper curl with scorn, how the hue of her cheeks could deepen, and her voice, soft and silvery, become ringing and resolute when occasion required—when, to speak more correctly, things did not go to suit her—when she was thwarted.

She was not one of those "angelic beings" we read about in novels, for the reason that she was Ella Syms, and had a "temper of her own," as the saying is. Scorned by a lover, Ella would have been one of those women like which hell hath no fury. By no means, and in no sense, was she a bad girl, or one difficult to get along with; but she had a quick temper (her misfortune, not her fault), and a will of her own, and all she asked was to be "let alone." Unfortunately, she had a father who did not or would not understand her (unfortunately, there are too many fathers of that sort), and too often and needlessly he ruffled her temper, putting flashing fire into her blue eyes, otherwise gentle as a fawn's, chasing the sunshine from her lips, and raising her voice to a ringing and raging tone, otherwise sweet and melodious.

Not that she was always right, her father always wrong, when the two clashed, as often they did; and not that he was always right, and she always wrong—by no means. The trouble was, that when she was right, he went the wrong way to work to amend or correct her fault, knowing her temper as he did, and her peculiarities; and, of course, she was not blameless in allowing herself to fly into a passion when her father took her to task, inconsiderately and wrongfully, as she often did, and always in a wrong way, left her be wrong or right. But one was fifty and a man, and the other nineteen and a girl.

However much molasses her father might have spread about for the delectation and capture of other flies, metaphorically speaking, in the case of Ella he always employed vinegar, and repelled her. A little sweet might go out by him in previous years, and a little strength of mind to command, kindly but firmly, on the part of an easy-going mother of not the slightest force of character, and Ella Syms would have been at nineteen a different girl from what she was. But such as she was, we found her; and such as she was, we have to portray her—we couldn't make a diamond of a ruby, a lamb of a leopard.

A year before our little "romance" opens, Ella had fallen in love, and a young man had fallen in love at the same time and place—she with him, he with her. A few times only during the year they had met, but the letters that had passed between them were many. If he prized hers as she did his, then did he reap much satisfaction from the receipt of her love messages—as tender as those of Elizabeth to Theodore, hers as gushing as those of Theodore to Elizabeth, his (these are celebrated characters of ancient romance, reader, and no doubt, mythical, but the love letters ascribed to them are considered models of purity, tenderness and gush, finding place in the classics).

As a matter of course, Ella fell in love with one who would not find favor in the eyes of her father; one whom her father would not countenance as a suitor for his daughter's hand, or acknowledge as a son-in-law. In this she differed not from thousands of other young girls—they are continually doing this, and fathers may fret and fume and flare and fire-up, to the contrary notwithstanding. Well, it is not the fault of the girls—it is that the fathers are unreasonable. They want to be autocrats in the matrimonial affairs of their children, and, so that they have their way, care little for the wedded happiness of those they have brought into the world a great many fathers; not all, of course.

Whether or not Mr. Syms would have *his* way in the matrimonial venture of *his* daughter, let the readers judge from what little they know of her disposition from the writer. That he would easy to have it was as certain as that he would condemn her choice; in fact, he had "the man in his eye," as he told his wife, who would "make just the husband for Ella," and, vain man, he couldn't see that, though *he* might propose, *she* would dispose.

Nearly a year had passed since Ella and her lover had first met. One day she was seated in the sitting-room of her home, with a package of letters in her lap, and an open one in her hands, just received, which she was reading, when, most unexpectedly, her father entered—that's the way things happen in this world. She had never before had that package of letters beyond the confines of her chamber, and her father had never before entered the house so unexpectedly. She made an effort to hide them—it was futile and foolish—but he saw them, and this "gave the old man a chance" at his daughter.

"Well, Tiger Cat!" (this was his usual salutation), you seem to have a large amount of correspondence on hand. May I ask whom those letters are from?" The tone was mild enough, but there was that mocking sarcasm in it that always goes straight to the mark.

"You may," answered Ella promptly, her nostrils quivering a little, and the color deepening somewhat in her face. We admit that the reply, laconic as it was, was slightly provoking, but it answered the question—gave him the right to ask.

"Well, miss," he said a little sharply.

"Well!" Ella echoed. Don't let the reader condemn her too quickly. It was aggravating, perhaps, this echoed response, but she considered that, as she was nineteen, therefore of age, her correspondence was no affair of her father's; and the writer holds to that opinion himself.

"Whom are those letters from, miss?—I want to know." The demand was in a still sharper tone.

Ella, albeit she was fiery-tempered, was, in one respect, a good deal like George Washington—and he had a "temper of his own," too—she would not tell a lie! George *could not*; Ella COULD, but *would not*. That was the difference between the two.

"From a young gentleman—a friend of mine," she answered.

"From a young *gentleman*, eh?—a *friend* of yours—humph! You must have known him some time to have received all those letters from him. Who is he? What is he? How long have you known him?"

Ella's face grew of a deeper color, her nostrils dilated quicker, and her lips were slightly compressed. She, however, was doing very well with her rebellious temper—curbing it wonderfully, considering that she was being catechised without license, she taking that view of it. She answered:

"What is he?—if you mean his occupation, that is Charley Godfrey. What is he?—he is a nice young man. How long have I known him?—a year or thereabouts."

"What does he do, miss?—that's what I want to know?" queried her father, sharper than ever.

"Don't—he plays baseball!" Ella smiled slightly as she thus answered.

"What does he do *for* a living?—that's what I mean, and you know it, miss."

"He plays baseball, I told you—in the Summer; in the Winter, he——"

"What?"

"If you had waited, I would have told you. In the Winter he works at his trade—a machinist."

"Do you mean to say that you have been corresponding a year with one of those traveling vagabonds that go about the country playing baseball, one of those good-for-nothing fellows that earn nothing, and are of no good to anybody?"

That fired the fuse and the mine exploded. The "Tiger Cat" was roused and would scratch.

"Vagabonds! don't you call *him* a vagabond! They are no more vagabonds than theatre and circus people are. No more vagabonds than is Tom" (her brother), "who is off in the country on a summer's ramble, no more vagabonds than ministers who travel about from place to place preaching. No more vagabonds than thousands of others who have no fixed place of business. Good-for-nothing fellows! *He* is as good as anybody, and I know he wouldn't go round with good-for-nothing fellows. Earn nothing! He earns twelve hundred dollars a year as a pitcher, and he pitches splendid! He's worth it, or they wouldn't give it to him, so he earns it. There now!"

The rapidity with which this was rattled off was astonishing—quicker than you will read it, reader—and her tongue was sharp and angry, her eyes snapping and flashing, her color deep, her nostrils quivering as the aspen. Her blood was up, and, if her father foolishly persisted in his denunciation of her lover, his calling, and her partiality for him, there would be a lively "circus" in the Syms household.

"A pitcher, a pitcher!" he exclaimed in a tone of contempt that he meant should be withering. But she didn't wither in the least—not a particle.

"Yes, a pitcher, a pitcher! only a pitcher; but he's perfectly splendid. You had ought to see him pitch —my! don't he send the ball." This was said in a comparatively mild tone, but the words were more suspended in a manner soothing to her father.

"It would be better for you if you dropped this *pitcher* and took up with the washtub," was his sarcastic answer.

"Washtub—well, I *can* wash, and *do* wash all that is required of me. But perhaps you meant to be funny—witcher—washtub. Ha, ha! how droll."

Aggravating girl, reader, wasn't she? But who of the two was to blame? Every question he had asked her, he could have asked in a way to have got a pleasant answerr but, knowing her as he did, he chose the way to vex and anger her. Ask the writer who was to blame, and he will tell you the father.

"Well, what does all this writing mean, Miss Impudence?"

"Miss Impudence! *Who* fairly drives me to anger and impudence!—if I am impudent! *You!* If you ever spoke half as pleasantly to me as you do to the girl in the kitchen, you would never have to complain of my impudence. But you seem to seem to like to torment me! As for what all this writing means—it means just this: That we love one another, and that one day not far away—if we live—we shall be married! Then you will have no one to torment!"

"Married?—*you* marry a baseball vagrant ——"

"Don't you call *him* a vagrant, sir! He's as good as you are, for he is good enough to be *my husband!*" Ella rose and stamped her little foot, as she spoke sharply and hotly, her flashing eyes looking like living fires.

"Never with my consent will this fellow be your husband! I'll ——"

"Fellow!—he isn't a *fellow*—as you mean it. He is as nice a young man as you can find—ask Tom—he knows him. But, with or without your consent, I shall marry him! I would walk to Boston, barefoot, if need be, to do so, too."

Hurrah for the plucky girl!—bravo! Don't you say so, reader?

"So he lives in Boston, does he? Well, he *must* be a nice young man, I suppose—a *moral* young man." How contemptible was this on the part of a father! Ella gave him a look of scorn ineffable, and said nothing, biting her lips.

"And you mean to marry him—it has gone as far as that, eh?"

"It has. I shall marry him if he lives and I live a short ——"

"You won't. I'll put you in a madhouse first!" broke in the gentle father—the kind father—the loving father! Gentle, kind and loving, certainly, for did he not want his daughter to marry Mr. Bleakley, the well-to-do undertaker, a sober, serious, settled man of forty-five—none of your giddy-headed youngsters, sowing wild oats all about—who would train Ella in the way she should go. And there she was, going off on a baseball player, as it were, to marry a baseball player! How perverse are the young in affairs matrimonial. If they would only listen to their fathers, they would be happy in the consciousness of having pleased their paternal parents. But no, they must go and foolishly choose life-partners for themselves, causing their fathers much trial, trouble, and tribulation.

"*A madhouse!*" almost screamed Ella, with concentrated passion. "A madhouse! I'd like to *see* you, sir, put *me* in a *madhouse!* I'd like to see the men you would get to take me to a *madhouse!* Some of them would go to the *deadhouse*, sir—the *deadhouse!*"

Oh, how her eyes flashed! Like two spheres of blue flame they looked. How her nostrils dilated and quivered. How almost purple became her cheeks. How rang her voice out, sharp, angry, defiant! How her teeth grated when she paused. How tightly clenched was her small right hand—to the burying of her nails in the flesh, almost. Perhaps, at the moment, she well deserved the appellation her father bestowed upon her—"Tiger Cat."

"Marry *him*, you young tigress, and you shall never have a cent of *my* money—never! I will cut you off with a shilling!"

"I don't want a cent of your money, sir. Give it *all* to Tom. He will need it more than I, and I don't think you have got enough to make an Astor of him." Her voice had changed to one of biting sarcasm, and her utterance took hold on her father like a raw file on soft iron.

"I'll make my will within twenty-four hours, you young tiger cat, and leave you a shilling," were his crushing words—meant to be so, but they didn't crush.

"Leave me a penny, only a penny, sir, if that is sufficient for the law—that's all I want of *your* money! I wouldn't give the snap of my finger for all you have in the world, against the man I love, and that man I will marry in spite of you and the *mad-house!*" Notwithstanding this declarstion, she did give the "snap of her finger"—snapped it twice in the face of her father, her lips curling with concentrated scorn. With this she swept out of the room like a duchess in a rage with her duke.

"Tiger Cat" had certainly the advantage in this fierce contest. She left deep scratches upon her opponent in her bold defiance at his threats, and utter scorn of his money. And he felt them. The scratches smarted and throbbed. He shook his head, set his teeth hard, smote his left palm with his right fist, and passed into another room to "blow his wife up," probably, for bringing that girl up in the way she had. But there are hundreds of such fathers, who aggravate their children, and then wonder what makes them act so—"blow their wives up" for so bringing children up.

* * * * *

Ten days afterwards the Union Grounds of Brooklyn were thronged with ten thousand people to witness a match of baseball between two popular clubs, or "nines," which stood, in the contest for the championship that season, at even games. We will designate them respectively as the Dashaways and Smashaways. To the latter club belonged the lover of Ella Syms. And a fine-looking fellow he was. And he was every inch a pitcher, too. The eulogium passed upon his pitching by Ella, liable to be biased by love, was hardly a shade too florid. "Perfectly splendid" was scarcely too high a flight into the hyperbolean regions, and, if it was, might be excused under a press of love.

We are not going to follow the play through. The reader is too familiar with baseball reports to crave one here. We will simply say that the Dashaways were the favorites at the start, at 100 to 80, and, as it often happens with favorites—men, horses, dogs, yachts, or what not—they were beaten—beaten by one run, that was all. But enough is as good as a feast.

At the close of the play, the lover of Ella, the pitcher of the victorious "nine," was surrounded by a party of ladies and gentlemen, among whom Ella was to be seen, who had occupied seats of honor as invited guests, and then and there presented with an elegant gold watch and chain, in token of the appreciation by his friends, of his professional and social qualities. A surprise and a pleasant occasion it was; and how happy was Ella, who was as much surprised as her lover. How her eyes danced and sparkled, and how the smile of sunshine lighted up her face, as she took the hand of her lover and congratulated him upon his good fortune, after he had suitably acknowledged the splendid gift. She even thought of her father, and wished he had been there to see!

Walking a little apart from the others—the lovers—a few moments after, Ella had her wish gratified. Her father appeared before her! With him came an officer and four rather rough-looking characters, all looking hard at her.

"Take her, men," said her father, and then, for the benefit of those within hearing, said, "She's crazy—mad—insane."

The men instantly laid hands upon Ella, separating her from her lover before he knew what they were up to, scarcely.

"Charley," she cried, not with screaming fear, but in a ringing tone, "Charley, they are going to take me to a madhouse because I love you."

That was enough. That ended her danger.

"Smashaways!" Smashaways to the rescue! Here is an abduction!" rang out Charley. Never rallied round a Scottish chief of the borders his clan so quickly as the Smashaways rallied round their pitcher and the four abductors. The officer retired one side, he saw that the girl was not crazy; at least, he believed she was not. Mr. Syms, too, very prudently made his way in an opposite direction. It was but the work of a moment for the Smashaways to rescue Ella from the hands of the kidnappers, her lover himself hurling two of them to the earth. A very few minutes more sufficed for the retirement of the kidnapping quartet from the grounds. Gentleness in their handling of the ruffians was not the order of the moment with the Smashaways. Raw beef and oysters were undoubtedly called into requisition by the ostracised gentlemen (if they had means to indulge therein) for the reduction of swollen eyes, and the prevention of discoloration beneath the optical organs. So quickly was the whole thing done, that not a hundred on the field knew of the cause of the ejectment.

This startling episode—to the lovers—expedited matters with them. It rendered absolutely necessary an explanation, and it was had in a little shingly.

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The rapidity with which this was rattled off was astonishing—quicker than you will read it, reader—and her tongue was sharp and angry, her eyes snapping and flashing, her color deep, her nostrils quivering as the aspen. Her blood was up, and, if her father foolishly persisted in his denunciation of her lover, his calling, and her partiality for him, there would be a lively "circus" in the Syms household.

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"Married?—*you* marry a baseball vagrant ——"

"Don't you call *him* a vagrant, sir! He's as good as you are, for he is good enough to be *my husband!*" Ella rose and stamped her little foot, as she spoke sharply and hotly, her flashing eyes looking like living fires.

"Never with my consent will this fellow be your husband! I'll ——"

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Hurrah for the plucky girl!—bravo! Don't you say so, reader?

"So he lives in Boston, does he? Well, he *must* be a nice young man, I suppose—a *moral* young man." How contemptible was this on the part of a father! Ella gave him a look of scorn ineffable, and said nothing, biting her lips.

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"You won't. I'll put you in a madhouse first!" broke in the gentle father—the kind father—the loving father! Gentle, kind and loving, certainly, for did he not want his daughter to marry Mr. Bleakley, the well-to-do undertaker, a sober, serious, settled man of forty-five—none of your giddy-headed youngsters, sowing wild oats all about—who would train Ella in the way she should go. And there she was, going off on a baseball player, as it were, to marry a baseball player! How perverse are the young in affairs matrimonial. If they would only listen to their fathers, they would be happy in the consciousness of having pleased their paternal parents. But no, they must go and foolishly choose life-partners for themselves, causing their fathers much trial, trouble, and tribulation.

"*A madhouse!*" almost screamed Ella, with concentrated passion. "A madhouse! I'd like to *see* you, sir, put *me* in a *madhouse!* I'd like to see the men you would get to take me to a *madhouse!* Some of them would go to the *deadhouse*, sir—the *deadhouse!*"

Oh, how her eyes flashed! Like two spheres of blue flame they looked. How her nostrils dilated and quivered. How almost purple became her cheeks. How rang her voice out, sharp, angry, defiant! How her teeth grated when she paused. How tightly clenched was her small right hand—to the burying of her nails in the flesh, almost. Perhaps, at the moment, she well deserved the appellation her father bestowed upon her—"Tiger Cat."

"Marry *him*, you young tigress, and you shall never have a cent of *my* money—never! I will cut you off with a shilling!"

"I don't want a cent of your money, sir. Give it *all* to Tom. He will need it more than I, and I don't think you have got enough to make an Astor of him." Her voice had changed to one of biting sarcasm, and her utterance took hold on her father like a raw file on soft iron.

"I'll make my will within twenty-four hours, you young tiger cat, and leave you a shilling," were his crushing words—meant to be so, but they didn't crush.

"Leave me a penny, only a penny, sir, if that is sufficient for the law—that's all I want of *your* money! I wouldn't give the snap of my finger for all you have in the world, against the man I love, and that man I will marry in spite of you and the *mad-house!*" Notwithstanding this declarstion, she did give the "snap of her finger"—snapped it twice in the face of her father, her lips curling with concentrated scorn. With this she swept out of the room like a duchess in a rage with her duke.

"Tiger Cat" had certainly the advantage in this fierce contest. She left deep scratches upon her opponent in her bold defiance at his threats, and utter scorn of his money. And he felt them. The scratches smarted and throbbed. He shook his head, set his teeth hard, smote his left palm with his right fist, and passed into another room to "blow his wife up," probably, for bringing that girl up in the way she had. But there are hundreds of such fathers, who aggravate their children, and then wonder what makes them act so—"blow their wives up" for so bringing children up.

* * * * *

Ten days afterwards the Union Grounds of Brooklyn were thronged with ten thousand people to witness a match of baseball between two popular clubs, or "nines," which stood, in the contest for the championship that season, at even games. We will designate them respectively as the Dashaways and Smashaways. To the latter club belonged the lover of Ella Syms. And a fine-looking fellow he was. And he was every inch a pitcher, too. The eulogium passed upon his pitching by Ella, liable to be biased by love, was hardly a shade too florid. "Perfectly splendid" was scarcely too high a flight into the hyperbolean regions, and, if it was, might be excused under a press of love.

We are not going to follow the play through. The reader is too familiar with baseball reports to crave one here. We will simply say that the Dashaways were the favorites at the start, at 100 to 80, and, as it often happens with favorites—men, horses, dogs, yachts, or what not—they were beaten—beaten by one run, that was all. But enough is as good as a feast.

At the close of the play, the lover of Ella, the pitcher of the victorious "nine," was surrounded by a party of ladies and gentlemen, among whom Ella was to be seen, who had occupied seats of honor as invited guests, and then and there presented with an elegant gold watch and chain, in token of the appreciation by his friends, of his professional and social qualities. A surprise and a pleasant occasion it was; and how happy was Ella, who was as much surprised as her lover. How her eyes danced and sparkled, and how the smile of sunshine lighted up her face, as she took the hand of her lover and congratulated him upon his good fortune, after he had suitably acknowledged the splendid gift. She even thought of her father, and wished he had been there to see!

Walking a little apart from the others—the lovers—a few moments after, Ella had her wish gratified. Her father appeared before her! With him came an officer and four rather rough-looking characters, all looking hard at her.

"Take her, men," said her father, and then, for the benefit of those within hearing, said, "She's crazy—mad—insane."

The men instantly laid hands upon Ella, separating her from her lover before he knew what they were up to, scarcely.

"Charley," she cried, not with screaming fear, but in a ringing tone, "Charley, they are going to take me to a madhouse because I love you."

That was enough. That ended her danger.

"Smashaways!" Smashaways to the rescue! Here is an abduction!" rang out Charley. Never rallied round a Scottish chief of the borders his clan so quickly as the Smashaways rallied round their pitcher and the four abductors. The officer retired one side, he saw that the girl was not crazy; at least, he believed she was not. Mr. Syms, too, very prudently made his way in an opposite direction. It was but the work of a moment for the Smashaways to rescue Ella from the hands of the kidnappers, her lover himself hurling two of them to the earth. A very few minutes more sufficed for the retirement of the kidnapping quartet from the grounds. Gentleness in their handling of the ruffians was not the order of the moment with the Smashaways. Raw beef and oysters were undoubtedly called into requisition by the ostracised gentlemen (if they had means to indulge therein) for the reduction of swollen eyes, and the prevention of discoloration beneath the optical organs. So quickly was the whole thing done, that not a hundred on the field knew of the cause of the ejectment.

This startling episode—to the lovers—expedited matters with them. It rendered absolutely necessary an explanation, and it was had in a little shingly.

"Well, miss," he said a little sharply.

"Well!" Ella echoed. Don't let the reader condemn her too quickly. It was aggravating, perhaps, this echoed response, but she considered that, as she was nineteen, therefore of age, her correspondence was no affair of her father's; and the writer holds to that opinion himself.

"Whom are those letters from, miss?—I want to know." The demand was in a still sharper tone.

Ella, albeit she was fiery-tempered, was, in one respect, a good deal like George Washington—and he had a "temper of his own," too—she would not tell a lie! George *could not*; Ella COULD, but *would not*. That was the difference between the two.

"From a young gentleman—a friend of mine," she answered.

"From a young *gentleman*, eh?—a *friend* of yours—humph! You must have known him some time to have received all those letters from him. Who is he? What is he? How long have you known him?"

Ella's face grew of a deeper color, her nostrils dilated quicker, and her lips were slightly compressed. She, however, was doing very well with her rebellious temper—curbing it wonderfully, considering that she was being catechised without license, she taking that view of it. She answered:

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REMINISCENCES
Of the Old London Fairs.

Samuel Pepys relates in his diary that he went in 1668 "to Southwark Fair, very dirty, and there saw the puppet-show of Whittington, which was pretty to see; and how that idle thing do work upon people that see it, and even myself too! And thence to Jacob Hall's dancing of the ropes, and where I saw such action as I never saw before, and mightily worth seeing; and here took acquaintance with a fellow that carried me to a tavern, whither came the music of this booth, and bye-and-bye Jacob Hall himself, with whom I had a mind to speak, to hear whether he had ever any mischief by falls in his time. He told me, 'Yes, many, but never to the breaking of a limb;' he seems a mighty strong man. So, giving them a bottle or two of wine, I away with Payne the waterman. He, seeking me at the play, did get a link to light me, and so light me to The Bear, where Bland, my waterman, waited for me with gold and other things he kept for me, to the value of £40 and more, which I had about me, for fear of my pockets being cut. So, by link-light through the bridge, it being mighty dark but still weather, and so home." Jacob Hall was as famous for his handsome face and symmetrical form as for his skill and grace on the rope. He is said to have shared with Harte the actor the favors of Nell Gwynne, and afterwards to have been a pensioned favorite of the profligate Countess of Castlemaine. His portrait in *Grammont Memoirs* was engraved from an unnamed picture by Van Oost, first said to represent the famous ropedancer, by Amee, in 1746.

A passage in one of Davenant's poems affords some information concerning the character of the shows which formed the attraction of the fairs at this period.

"Now vaulter good, and dancing lass
On rope, and man that cries, 'Hey, pass!'
And tumbler young that needs but stoop,
Lay head to heel, to creep through hoop,
And man in chimney hid to dress
Puppett that acts our old Queen Bess,
And man that, while the puppets play,
Through nose expoundeth what they say;
And white oat-eater that does dwell
In stable and at sign of Bell,
That lifts up hoofs to show the pranks
Taught by magician styled Banks;
And ape led captive still in chain
Till he renounce the Pope and Spain:
All these on hoof now trudge from town,
To cheat poor turnip-eating clown."

Among the shows of this period was another bearded woman, whom Pepys saw in Holborn; towards the end of 1668. "She is a little plain woman," he writes, "a Dane; her name, Ursula Dyan; about forty years old; her voice like a little girle's, but a beard as much as any man I ever saw, black almost, and grizzly; it began to grow at about seven years old, and was shaved not above seven months ago; and is now as big as any man's almost that I ever saw; I say, bushy and thick. It was a strange sight to see, I confess, and what pleased me mightily." There was a female giant, too, of whom Evelyn says under date the 13th of February, 1669: "I went to see a tall, gigantic woman, who measured six feet ten inches at twenty-one years old, born in the Low Countries."

Salamandering feats are not so pleasant to witness as the performances of the acrobat and the gymnast, but they create wonder, and probably were wondered at more two hundred years ago than at the present time, when the scientific principles on which their success depends are better understood. The earliest performer of the feats which made Girardelli and Chabot famous half a century ago seems to have been Richardson, of whom the following account is given by Evelyn, who witnessed his performance in 1672:

"I took leave of my Lady Sunderland, who was going to Paris to my lord, now ambassador there. She made me stay to dinner at Leicester House, and afterwards sent for Richardson, the famous fire-eater. He devoured brimstone and glowing coals before us, chewing and swallowing them; he melted a beer-glass and eat it quite up; then, taking a live coal on his tongue, he put it on a raw oyster and with it blown on with bellows till it flamed and sparkled in his mouth, and so remained till the oyster gaped and was quite boiled. Then he melted pitch and wax with sulphur, which he drank down as it flamed; I saw it flaming in his mouth a good while; he also took up a thick piece of iron, such as laundresses use to put in their smoothing boxes, when it was fiery hot, held it between his teeth, then in his hands and threw it about like a stone; but this I observed he cared not to do very long; then he stood on a small pot, and, bending his body, took a glowing iron with his mouth from between his feet without touching the pot or ground with his hands; with divers other prodigious feats."

Giants and dwarfs and monstrosities of all kinds, seem to have been more run after, under the influence of these events, than puppets and players. Take the following as an example, an announcement which was printed in 1677:

"At Mr. Croomes, at the signe of the Shoe and Slap neer the Hospital-gate, in West Smithfield, is to be seen *The Wonder of Nature*, viz., a girl about sixteen years of age, born in Cheshire, and not much above eighteen inches long, having shed the teeth seven several times, and not a perfect bone in any part of her, onely the head, yet she hath all her senses to admiration, and discourses, reads very well, sings, whistles, and all very pleasant to hear. God save the King!"

The office of Master of the Revels, which had been held by Thomas Killigrew, the court jester, was conferred, at his death, upon his son, who leased the licensing of ballad-singers to a bookseller named Clarke, as appears from the following announcement, which was inserted in *The London Gazette* in 1682:

"Whereas Mr. John Clarke of London, bookseller, did rent of Charles Killigrew, Esq., the licensing of all ballad-singers for five years; which time is expired at Lady Day next. These are, therefore, to give notice to all ballad-singers that take out licenses at the Office of the Revels at Whitehall, for singing and selling of ballads and small books, according to ancient custom. And all persons concerned are hereby required to take notice of, and to suppress, all mountebanks, rope-dancers, prize-players, ballad-singers, and such as make show of motions, and strange sights, that have not a license in red and black letters, under the hand and seal of the said Charles Killigrew, Esq., Master of the Revels to his Majesty."

The only entertainment of which I have found an announcement for this year is the following: "At Mr. Saffry's, a Dutch-woman's Booth, over against the Greyhound Inn, in West Smithfield, during the time of the fair, will be acted the incomparable Entertainment called 'The Humors of Teige.' With a Variety of Dances. By the first Newmarket Company." Further glimpses of the fair are afforded, however, by the offer of a reward for "three horses stolen by James Rudderford, a mountebank, and Jeremiah March, his clown;" and the announcement that "The German Woman that danc'd where the Italian Tumbler kept his Booth, being over against the Swan Tavern, by Hoosier Lane end in Bartholomew Fair, is ran away from her Mistress, the fifth of this instant; She is of a Brownish complexion, with Brown Hair, and between 17 and 18 years of Age; if any person whatsoever can bring Tidings to me Mr. Hone's, at the Duke of Albemarle's Head, at the end of Duck Lane, so that her Mistress may have her again, they shall be rewarded to their own content."

In the Winter of 1683-4, an addition was temporarily made to the London fairs by the opportunity which the freezing of the Thames afforded for holding a fair on the ice. The river became frozen on the 23d of December, and on the first day of 1684 the ice was so thick between the bridges that long rows of booths were erected for the sale of refreshments to the persons who congregated upon it. Evelyn, who visited the strange scene more than once, saw "people and tents selling all sorts of wares, as in the City." The frost becoming more intense when it had endured a month, the sports of horse-racing and bull-baiting were presented on the ice; and sledges and skates were seen gliding swiftly in every direction, with, as Evelyn relates, "puppet-plays and interludes, tippling, and other lewd places." The ice was so thick that the booths and stalls remained even when thaw had commenced, but the water soon rendered it disagreeable to walk upon, and long cracks warned the purveyors of recreation and refection to retreat to the land. The fair ended on the 5th of February.

It was during the continuance of this seventeenth-century Frost Fair that Evelyn saw a human salamander, when he dined at Sir Stephen Fox's, and "after dinner came a fellow who cut live charcoal, glowingly ignited, quenching them in his mouth, and then champing them and swallowing them down. There was a dog, also, which seemed to do many rational actions." The last sentence is rather obscure; the writer probably intended to convey that the animal performed many actions which seemed rational.

During the Southwark Fair of the following year, there was a giant exhibited at the Catherine Wheel Inn, a famous hostelry down to our own time. Printers had not yet corrected the irregular spelling of the preceding century, as appears from the following announcement: "The Gyant, or the Miracle of Nature, being that so much admired young man, aged nineteen years last June, 1684. Born in Ireland, of such a prodigious height and bigness, and every way proportionable, the like hath not been seen since the memory of man. He hath been several times shown at Court, and his Majesty was pleased to walk under his arm, and he is grown very much since; he now reaches ten foot and a half, fathomes near eight foot, spans fifteen inches; And is believed to be as big as one of the Gyants in Guild-hall. He is to be seen at the Sign of the Catherine Wheel in Southwark Fair. *Vivat Rex.*"

There was probably also to be seen at this fair the Dutch woman of whom an author quoted by Struth says that, "when she first danced and vaulted on the rope in London, the spectators beheld her with pleasure mixed with pain, as she seemed every moment in danger of breaking her neck." About this time there was introduced at the London Fairs an entertainment resembling that now given in the music halls, in which vocal and instrumental music was alternated with rope-dancing and tumbling. The shows in which these performances were given were called music booths, though the musical element was far from predominating. The musical portion of the entertainment was not of the highest order, if we may trust the judgment of Ward, the author of *The London Spy*, who says that he "had rather have heard an old barber ring Whittington's bells upon the cittern than all the music these houses afforded."

Such dramatic performances as were given in the booths at this time seem to have been, in a great measure, confined to the puppet-plays so often mentioned in the memoirs and diaries of the period. Granger mentions one Phillips, who, in the reign of James II, "was some time fiddler to a puppet-show; in which capacity he held many a dialogue with Punch, in much the same strain as he did afterwards with the mountebank doctor, his master, upon the stage. This many, being regularly educated, had the advantage of his brethren." Besides the seriocomic drama of "Punch and Judy," many popular stories were represented by the puppets of those days, which set forth the fortunes of Dick Whittington and the sorrows of Griselda, the vagaries of Merry Andrew, and the humors of Bartholomew Fair, as delineated by the pen of Ben Jonson. It is a noteworthy circumstance, as showing the estimation in which the Smithfield Fair was held by the upper and middle classes at this period, and for more than half a century afterwards, that the Summer season of the patent theatres which closed at that time always concluded with a representation of Jonson's now forgotten comedy.

WARD B. SNYDER, manufacturer of baseball and sporting goods, including uniforms and implements, and of targets, air guns, rifles, etc., for shooting galleries and fair grounds, inserts his advertisement in another page, to which we refer our readers.

GREAT WANTS proceed from great wealth, but they are undutiful children, for they sink wealth down to poverty.

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

MUSIC'S CHARM.

Some fairy spell around me plays,
Whene'er I hear that tone;
To me it speaks of other days,
And joys for ever flown;
The hearts that felt it then are cold,
To them its charms are o'er;
The lips which breath'd that strain of old
Shall ne'er repeat it more.

How sweetly, at this silent hour,
It floats upon the wind!
How melody has double pow'r
Upon the pensive mind.
And while I hear that well-known strain,
By minstrel fingers played,
I live o'er happier hours again,
And present sorrows fade!

Then, oh, repeat that soothing lay;
'Tis like some magic charm
That's plac'd by Hope in life's bleak way
To keep the bosom warm.
And as the wand'rer of the night
Hails morning's welcome beam,
So mem'ry meets the lovely light,
That cheer'd life's early dream.

A DESERTED WIFE'S VENGEANCE.

About half-past two o'clock yesterday afternoon a neatly-dressed lady knocked at the front door of a dwelling, No. 205 Meek street, owned by John Burke, an employe at the Central shops. Getting no response, she went around to the side door and asked Mrs. Burke if a young couple had not taken lodgings there on the previous evening. On receiving an affirmative the stranger asked where the woman was, and was directed to the front of the house. Hearing a racket, Mrs. Burke followed the woman in a minute or two, and found her trying to break the shutter slat, so she could reach in, touch the spring, and open the window. Mrs. Burke remonstrated with her, and for reply was told to go back about her business or she (the woman) would blow her brains out; and as a cocked revolver was produced at the same moment, Mrs. Burke retreated to a safe distance. Just as the stranger was about to step in the window, Nellie Martin, a boarder, stepped up in front of her and demanded to know her business. The cold muzzle of a pistol thrust into her face had the effect of hastening her steps upstairs, in which direction she was followed by the storming craft. The woman, on reaching the landing, looked wildly about her for a moment, and then, espying Bella Lee, the object of her search, crouched in a closet, she rushed toward her, and, when within a few feet, fired one barrel of her four-barreled pistol at her victim, the charge taking effect in her abdomen, entering the right side. The Martin woman was powerless, through fear, to prevent the tragedy. The shrieking victim fell to the floor, and her assailant, after coolly looking at her, patted her weapon gleefully, and said: "Now, if I could only kill my man, I should be content." With this she turned on her heel and walked quietly downstairs, out of the house, and started up street in the direction of the city—the scene of the shooting being in the extreme eastern suburb. While the disturbance was going on a messenger had informed Mr. Burke of the row at his house, and, putting on his coat, he ran straightaway to the defense of his castle, reaching it just in time to see the murderess disappearing around a neighboring corner. Starting in pursuit, he soon overtook her, and on the corner of Benton and Washington streets he met Captain Griffin and Officer Fells, who took the woman in charge and conveyed her to the station-house. When arrested she said she had "killed a woman, and if she could shoot her man she would be willing to put her head on the block." No weapon could be found upon her person at the station-house, and an officer was sent back to search for the instrument of death, which was found in a vacant lot about a square from the Burke abode. A *Journal* reporter visited the house where the shooting occurred last evening, and was informed by Dr. Paetz, the attending physician, that the woman was still alive and resting easily, though it was quite probable that the wound would prove fatal. On inquiry it was ascertained that John Vandemann, a small contractor for brick-work, had engaged a room for the girl at the house on Wednesday afternoon, and had brought her there in the evening. This was all that could be learned from the Burkes, but on Vandemann's arrival the reporter was by him informed that his wife had done the shooting, and that jealousy and revenge had actuated her to do the deed. They were married last January, and after a stormy voyage of four months on the sea of marital life he had left her. At that time they were living on South Delaware street. He had seen her twice since that time, but she had made no threats against him or "his woman," Belle Lee. He left his wife five weeks ago, at which time she tried to cut him with a butcher-knife. Diligent scrutiny revealed a slight scar on one of his hands, where he said she had cut off a slice. Vandemann seemed unconcerned and quite communicative, showing no signs of trepidation or shame. From outside sources it was learned that Mrs. Vandemann, after her husband's cruel desertion, had been left wholly without means of support, and had it not been for the kindness of her neighbors must have starved. Nothing but sheer desperation could have driven her up to commit a murder, and it is extremely doubtful whether she was sane when she did it. Her parents are dead, though her grandfather and grandmother are both living. No persuasions could induce her to tell of their whereabouts, "for," said she, "it will only make them trouble." Mrs. Vandemann is apparently about twenty-five years old. Belle Lee is somewhat younger and handsomer, and came from Louisville six weeks ago. She was *enceinte* when shot.—*Indianapolis* (Ind.) *Journal*, June 25.

ABDUCTION OR ELOPEMENT.

The town of Fairview, Virginia, nearly opposite Steubenville, is the scene of considerable excitement just now. Most people in this part of the country have heard of Rev. Mr. Pomroy, who figured conspicuously in Virginia politics, particularly during the war time. On Thursday evening Miss Clara Pomroy, a daughter of Mr. Pomroy, left her home and went, as is her custom, to prayer-meeting at the Presbyterian church in that place, since which time she has not been heard from. Nothing about Miss Pomroy's behavior at the time she left for the church indicated that she had any intention of abandoning her home. When she first started to the meeting she was clothed in her every-day dress, and it was only at the persuasion of her sister that she changed her garments to better. The only theory of her absence is the following. Thursday evening a young man, a carpenter by trade, residing in Fairview, named David Evans, got a buggy, and has since been missing from the town, no one having received any intimation that he was about to leave, or now knowing his whereabouts. This man Evans appears to have become a bad reputation in the place, and the suspicion is that by some means he enticed Clara into the buggy—she was a quite beautiful young girl—and forcibly carried her to, or, at least, some unknown point. The theory of an elopement is denied on the grounds that Miss Pomroy had not only never been in company with Evans, but with no one else. As may be supposed, not only is the anguish of the parents for their missing daughter most intense, but excitement in the neighborhood runs high, and scouting parties were out during the night, and are still out to-day, in various directions in search of the missing girl. Yesterday morning Marshal Love of Wellsville, accompanied by two men from Fairview, arrived in Steubenville, but failed there to discover any traces of either of the fugitives.—*Pittsburg* (Pa.) *Dispatch*, June 28.

A PAGE FROM REAL LIFE.—A correspondent of *The Toledo* (O.) *Blade*, writing from New York, says: "The story which I sketch in brief was told me by a legal gentleman, who also stands high politically, as we rode homeward in the horse-cars last evening. He boards at one of the up-town hotels. One evening he was called upon at the hotel, by a lady who said she did not like to call at the office, and yet desired his help. She was wealthy, and had a daughter 16 years old, but was unhappy, and desired a divorce from a husband, who had ceased to love her. The lawyer responded that the matter was easy, if she could furnish the proof of his open and flagrant infidelity, which she promised. The proof was furnished, but still the case did not progress. There was something that remained untold, and she was urged to leave nothing unrevealed which could help her suit. Still she equivocated. Finally, after great urging, the truth came out. Twenty years ago the parties had been married. Living in the same vicinity at a distance from this city, they eloped together, and the husband and wife who were left behind are still living. They came to New York, were married, grew wealthy, had a daughter just budding into womanhood, were socially popular, and yet the world about them knew nothing of their story. Maddened by the open infidelity of the man whose name she bore, the woman, who was really no wife of his, determined to obtain a divorce. She was told that it was impossible, under the laws of New York, as she had no standing as a wife. Subsequently she went to Indiana to obtain a residence there, and while waiting, the husband came to her relief by carrying off another woman. She was divorced indeed. And thus truth again outdid fiction in the weaving of romance."

CRIM. CON., OR BLACKMAIL.—About a week ago a Mr. Ramsdell, who has an office in Portland, Me., but who resides on his elegant place in Chelsea, Vt., was intending a trip down East. A Mr. Jordan, who has a young and pretty wife, was acquainted with Mr. Ramsdell through the medium of Mr. R.'s clerk, who boarded at his house, and he asked Mr. Ramsdell if he would object to his (Mr. Jordan's) wife as far as Rockland. Mr. Ramsdell willingly agreed, and the twain proceeded thither by boat. Since then Mr. Ramsdell has been approached by Jordan and $5,000 demanded for alienating the affections of his wife, or in other words, trying to seduce her from the path of duty, and, in fact, succeeding. Mr. Ramsdell declared the charge was false, and that it was a case of blackmail. Then Mr. Jordan came down and agreed to settle for $500. Mr. Ramsdell still turned a deaf ear, when a writ was issued and Mr. Ramsdell was lodged in jail. On Saturday a dispatch was sent to Mr. R., stating that his wife was very ill, and begged him to return home to Chelsea at once. Whether Mr. Ramsdell will submit to be mulcted in a few hundred remains to be seen. He bears a fine reputation, and, his friends say, is incapable of any such actions. —*Boston* (Mass.) *Herald*, June 28.

THE LATEST ENOCH ARDEN ROMANCE.—*The Norwich* (Ct.) *Bulletin* relates the following: "Twenty-two years ago a Norwich man left home for a trip abroad. Years rolled on, and he did not return. He was a married man, and for a long time his wife mourned him as dead. At length she gave up all hope of ever seeing him again. She lived for a long time with her second husband till a few years ago, when he died. Two or three days ago she was startled at receiving a telegram from Texas inquiring if she was still alive and in Norwich. Her sister received another at the same time, both signed by a lawyer, and making inquiries concerning the forsaken wife. They were from the long-lost and recreant husband, who after 22 years' wanderings had fallen sick and yearned for his first love. It is not now known whether he is alive or not, but if he is he proposes to come home. One cannot but be deeply touched by the revelation of a pure, manly love like this, which endures for 22 years—leaving the object to board herself in the meantime. When love can be reduced to a practical system like this, it becomes one of the cheapest luxuries."

GYMNASTIC AND ATHLETIC EXHIBITION.—On Monday, June 28, the Thespian Dramatic and Athletic Association held their second annual meeting at Koch's Schutzen Park, South Brooklyn, L. I., which was well attended by both competitors and spectators. The exercises comprised posturing, horizontal bar, trapeze, running, jumping, walking, flying rings, etc. The successful competitors were awarded prizes as follows: Champion Medal, Richard Green. Horizontal bar, 1st, F. Jacklitch; 2d, Robert Bloham. Flying rings, Theophil Thonet. One-mile walk, Harvey Spencer. Jumping, Geo. Lauson. During the afternoon Prof. Carlisle's son, Little George, was presented, on behalf of the Club, with a neat medal, as a mark of approbation, and the whole affair may be termed a success.

BASEBALL.

OLYMPIC vs. ALPHA.

The Olympics of Paterson—a club fast rising into a very prominent position under the efficient management of Messrs. Westervelt, Dr. Quinn, Tuomey and Van Wagner—had a very close contest with the Alphas of Newark on June 28, at Paterson. It was marked by some fine play on both sides, the errors being few, considering the condition of the field, which is a new one. The Alphas secured the lead in the first inning, and maintained it up to the close of the 8th inning, at which time the score stood at 5 to 4 in their favor. In the ninth inning several plays occurred worthy of special reference. A report in *The Paterson Guardian* thus describes the closing inning's play: "The Olympics new went to the bat for the last time, and resolved to change the fortunes of the game. Warren went out at once on a foul. Nolan struck a grounder to right field and got his first. Nolan shortly after started to his second on a foul, but got out. Tredo made his first, and Mullen made a strike which gave him his first, and sent Tredo to the second. Fleet took the bat, when Tredo stole to his third in fine style and Mullen got to his second. While Fleet was holding the bat it was struck by the ball, and Tredo ran in. There was a claim that this was a dead ball, and Dave put back. The excitement was now very intense, and there were shouts from all parts of the field concerning the decision. The umpire decided it a dead ball, and Tredo was not allowed his run. The next ball hit the person of the striker, when Tredo again ran home, and the same claim was made with the same decision. The decision was loudly disputed. The players of both nines rushed around the umpire, the rules were produced, and a discussion took place of nearly twenty minutes' duration, the umpire adhering to his decision, and the result of the game depending upon it. The umpire finally caved in and gave Tredo his run. This was received with cheers, and the game was then a tie. The umpire was mistaken, but we think honestly, as in the confusion he did not at first recognize the distinction made by the rules between the ball striking the bat and the person of the player. The following is Section 10, Rule 4, of the playing rules of the National Association of Amateur Baseball Players: 'All balls delivered to the bat which shall either touch the striker's bat, without being struck at, or which shall hit the person of the umpire, except passed balls, shall be considered as dead balls, and no player shall be put out, base be run, or run be scored on any such ball.'"

The decision of the umpire in the case of Tredo was correct, as the rules show. He erred, however, in sending Tredo back on the ball striking the batsman's person. The Amateur rules make all such balls "called balls," and they do not regard them as "dead," as the professional rules rightly do; consequently, Tredo's run should have been scored, as it was afterwards.

OLYMPIC.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Titus, D., c.....	5	0	1	2	2	
Jas. Mullen, ss..	4	0	1	0	2	
St. Lawrence, 3b	4	1	1	2	3	
Titus, W., 1b....	4	1	1	9	0	
Warren, l.f.....	4	1	1	0	0	
Nolan, p.....	4	0	1	5	1	
Tredo, 2d b.....	4	1	1	3	2	
Jno. Mullen, lb.	4	1	1	9	0	
Fleet, c.....	4	0	1	5	0	
Totals.....	37	6	9	27	11	

ALPHA.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.
Pearson, c.f....	4	0	0	0	0
Maney, p.....	4	2	2	0	9
Voorbis, 1st b..	5	1	1	15	0
Shadinan, 2d b..	5	0	1	1	2
Dumont, 2d b..	5	0	1	4	2
Schenck, l.f....	4	1	1	1	0
Hall, 1 f.....	5	2	1	1	0
Bechtel, r.f....	5	0	0	5	0
McBride, p....	5	1	1	0	5
Eggler, c.f.....	4	1	1	6	0
Totals.....	39	5	8	27	19

Olympic.....	3	0	1	0	0	0	0	2—6
Alpha.....	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0—5

First base by errors—Olympic, 3; Alpha, 5. Runs earned—Olympic, 1. Umpire, Mr. C. Chandler. Time, 2h.

Fleet's playing in the nine is legal only if the Olympics regard themselves as professionals; and if, in such case, Fleet can show a release from the Atlantics. The Amateur code, however, excludes him from the nine, as a professional player. Truly, amateur nines are fearfully and wonderfully made-up this season.

ATHLETIC vs. BOSTON.

One of the most exciting games ever witnessed in Philadelphia was the one on the 28th of June, between the Athletics of that city and the champion Bostons, the result of which we gave in our last issue. A heavy shower just previous to the hour before the game commenced, but made the ground in better condition than ever, although it lessened the attendance. So great, however, was the interest manifested in this game that between four and five thousand persons were present. The Bostons made a change in their nine, Peters taking Schafer's place, and Schafer resuming his position at third base, thus leaving Leonard to attend to the duties of his old place at left field. The Athletics were the favorites in the betting, 100 to 75 being the ruling figures in the pools. Charles N. Gould again acted as umpire, and the Athletics won.

THE GAME

commenced at 4.10 P. M. The Bostons opened well at the bat, five hits by Barnes, Leonard and McVey yielding them two earned runs. The Athletics also led off well, Force commencing operations with a splendid two-base hit, and being sent home by Craver's magnificent three-baser. Hit dies the left-field fence. Neither scored in the second inning, although the Athletics twice had three men on the bases, Force's hit to Schafer in one instance forcing out a man on the home-plate, and Clapp leaving three still on the bases by his hit to George Wright. The Bostons made two runs in the third inning, on single base-hits by Leonard and McVey. Two misses by Bechtel gave the Bostons three more runs in the fourth inning on one base-hit, the Athletics making five runs on hits by McBride, Force, Fisler and Craver, a base on called balls given Hall, and a miss on strike by White. The Athletics now got down to their work, and, blanking their opponents in three successive innings, made two more unearned runs on errors by Leonard and McVey, and Sutton's good hit, thus giving them the lead at the end of the seventh inning by a score of eight to seven. The Bostons made four safe hits in the eighth inning, and scored three more runs. Fine hits by Craver and Sutton, the latter making a three-baser to right-field, enabled the Athletics to make two earned runs in the ninth inning, and thus tie the score, and necessitate the playing of another inning. The tenth inning was commenced amidst great excitement, the crowd gradually encroaching upon the field, a majority of the police having left the ground, it being then half-past 6 o'clock. A mass of foul-bound by Clapp, a passed ball of Clapp's, and five clean hits by the Bostons, then gave them two more runs. The Athletics now had three to make in order to win. They had two men out when Clapp was given a life by Barnes, and Fisler followed with a splendid two-base hit, scoring Clapp home, but not the ball been stopped by the crowd. The umpire now called "time" in order to allow an effort to be made to keep the crowd back; but before the field could be cleared, the rain, which had been threatening for some minutes, fell in torrents, and thus obliged the umpire, after the lapse of half an hour, to decide the game a draw. The conduct of the spectators in thus rushing upon the field cannot be too strongly condemned.

BOSTON.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Wright, s.s....	5	1	1	0	2	
Barnes, 2d b..	5	2	3	3	3	
Leonard, l.f..	5	3	3	4	0	
McVey, 1st b..	5	1	4	10	0	
Hicks, c.....	6	2	2	3	0	
Gerhardt, 2 b..	5	0	1	3	4	
Booth, r.f....	4	2	3	2	1	
Nelson, 3 b....	4	0	1	0	1	
Matthews, p..	4	1	1	0	3	
Gibney, l.f....	5	0	1	6	0	
Totals...	44	10	14	27	10	

ATHLETIC.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Force, ss.....	5	2	2	2	2	
Clapp, c.....	5	1	0	4	1	
Fisler, 1st b..	5	1	1	8	0	
Craver, 2d b..	5	1	3	0	3	
Sutton, r.f....	5	2	2	1	1	
Hall, 1 f.....	5	1	2	1	0	
Bechtel, r.f..	5	0	0	5	0	
Manning, rf..	6	1	3	1	0	
Seals, c.f.....	6	1	2	1	1	
Schafer, 3d b..	6	1	2	1	2	
Eggler, c.f....	4	1	1	6	0	
Totals...	44	10	11	27	6	

Boston.....	2	0	2	3	0	0	0	1	0—10
Athletic.....	1	0	0	5	0	0	1	0	2—10

Runs earned—Athletic, 3; Boston, 2. First base on fielding errors—Athletic, 6; Boston, 4. Bases on called balls—Athletic, 1. Bases on men forced out—Athletic, 1; Boston, 1. Umpire, Charles H. Gould of the New Haven Club. Time, 2h. 30m.

BOSTON vs. MUTUAL.

These clubs played their sixth game together on June 29, in the presence of the largest crowd of spectators seen on the Union Grounds since the two clubs last played together on the 30th of May; the "grasshoppers," as Cammeyer calls the "Reds," because they gobbled up all the profits out West, always drawing the biggest crowd in Brooklyn. Their record together to date is as follows:

May 3, Boston vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn.....	11 to 1
May 8, Boston vs. Mutual, at Boston.....	10 2
May 10, Boston vs. Mutual, at Boston.....	4 1
May 28, Boston vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn.....	7 3
May 29, Boston vs. Mutual, at Boston.....	8 3
June 29, Boston vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn.....	18 10
Total.....	58 20

A close and exciting game was anticipated; but, owing to the ball turning out to be an unusually elastic one, the game proved the one of those uninteresting displays of heavy batting, in which long hits to the outer field, the result more of muscle-play than of headwork in batting, were the main features; the consequence being a large score and a rather long and tedious game. The Reds played an experimental nine on this occasion, Geo. Wright and O'Rourke being both prevented from taking part, Leonard playing short field, Heifert—the pitcher of the Actives at Reading—at left, McVey at first base, Beals at centre, and Manning at right field. The Mutuals also presented a new-picked team in the field, Hallinan replacing Holdsworth at short field, Nelson and Gerhardt changing places, and Holdsworth playing at centre field in place of McGee—released from the Mutuals. With such changes in the positions of the two nines, and with a lively ball to field against, it is not surprising that fifteen fielding errors marked the contest, or that it proved to be a one-sided, uninteresting game. The Mutuals opened play at the bat, but failed to score in their first two innings; but the "Reds" "lushed off" in a style which left the score at the close of the second inning at 11 to 0 in their favor, thus insuring a victory from the very outset. The Mutuals began scoring in the third inning, getting in 4 runs, but this the Reds offset with 6 runs. Afterwards there was a lull in run-getting by the Reds, and the Mutuals pulled up their total to 10, the Reds only adding a single after their third inning. In fact, they did not appear to be so eager to run bases, as they had the game in their hands. The contest was undoubtedly a disappointment to the crowd, who, in Brooklyn, have come to regard heavy-batting games as a nuisance, the only games attractive to a metropolitan assemblage now being those marked by scores of one or two to nothing.

MUTUALS.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Holds'th, c.f	5	0	0	1	0	1
Hallinan, s.s	5	2	2	1	0	0
Hallinan, s s	7	1	4	0	3	1
Hicks, c.....	6	2	2	3	0	3
Gerhardt, 2 b	5	2	3	3	4	2
Booth, r f....	4	2	3	2	1	1
Nelson, 3 b....	4	0	1	0	1	0
Matthews, p..	4	1	1	0	3	1
Gibney, l f....	5	0	1	6	0	0
Totals...	46	10	19	27	10	9

BOSTONS.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Barnes, 2b..	7	3	5	2	0	0
Leonard, s.s	5	1	1	1	4	1
McVey, 1 b..	6	2	4	7	1	1
Spalding, p..	6	4	2	1	2	1
Hall, 1 f....	5	2	1	1	0	0
Bechtel, r f..	5	0	0	5	0	0
Manning, rf	6	1	3	1	0	0
Seals, c.f....	6	1	2	1	1	0
Schafer, 3 b..	6	3	2	1	2	2
Heifert, 1 f..	6	1	3	7	0	1
Totals...	44	10	11	27	6	10

Mutuals.....	3	2	0	0	0	1	0	0	4—10
Bostons.....	3	3	6	0	0	1	0	0	0—18

First base by errors—Mutuals, 3 times; Bostons, 4 times. Runs earned—Mutuals, 7; Bostons, 10. Umpire, Mr. Gould of the New Haven Club. Time of game, 2h. 10m.

LIVE OAK vs. BOSTON AMATEURS.

These clubs played their first championship game together on the Lynn Grounds, June 26, and it proved to be exceedingly exciting and interesting up to the ninth inning, the score then standing 3 to 2 in favor of the Live Oaks. The Lynn boys should have been "whitewashed" in the last inning, but by the errors of their opponents succeeded in scoring five unearned runs. White, Hawkes and King played well in the field for the Live Oaks, and Hunter, Hogan and Malloy for the Amateurs. Hawkes and Wilson did the best batting. The following is the score:

LIVE OAK.	R.	IB.
Hawkes, s s.....	1	0
Whitney, 1 f.....	1	2
Madden, 3d b.....	0	0
McGlynn, c.....	0	0
King, 1st b.....	0	0
Nevins, r f.....	1	0
Thompson, c f.....	0	1
White, p.....	1	2
Raegan, 2d b.....	2	0
Totals.....	6	5

BOSTON AMATEURS.	R.	IB.
Wilson, 1f.....	0	0
Callahan, 1st b.....	0	0
Malloy, 3d b.....	0	0
Reardon, 2d b.....	0	0
Hunter, c.....	0	0
Kaufman, s s.....	0	0
Hogan, p.....	0	0
Thayer, 2d b.....	1	0
Ernst, p.....	2	3
Tower, c f.....	0	0
Thatcher, c.....	0	0
Totals.....	3	3

Live Oak.....	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	3—6
Boston Amateurs	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	1—3

Earned runs—6. Time, 2h.

ATLANTIC vs. BOSTON.

The fourth game between these clubs took place on the Union Grounds on June 30, and it attracted only some one or two hundred spectators, metropolitan crowds not being any longer attracted to witness what promise to be one-sided contests. Besides which, the lively-ball game of the day before had rather disgusted them with heavy-batting games, which it was generally expected this would be. The ball played with, though not so elastic as the one of the day before, was nevertheless a pretty lively one, and sprained fingers were frequently the result of pluckyefforts to stop it when hit hard or thrown swiftly; hence unavoidable errors marked the contest, and long hits marred the beauty of the game. The Bostons placed the same nine in the field as in the Mutual game, but the Atlantics had what may be called a new nine, the team including that strong player "Molly" Moore of the Flyaways, who bore off the palm in the field, and McGee, late of the Mutuals, from which club he was released, the latter leading at the bat. Sharp fielding, in which the masterly play of Barnes

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

Manager Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a recent change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., sent to Great Britain, between the United States and Canadas, *must be prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, July 5.

LADIES' LIST.

Allen, Mrs. J. R. (2)
Bernard, Laura
Bartrett, Belle (of Roberts' Co.)
Bowman, Laura
Brentford, Lizzie
Bowdoin, Melcda
Burgess, Mrs. Maude
Bushnell, Miss L.
Berry, Mrs.
Bent, Annette
Clifton, Viola
Clifton, Emma
Conway, Lotta
Chandos, Roy
Castello, Ida (2)
Cole, Mrs. Jennie
Conway, Julia
Chesaldon, Virginia
Daly, Celia &c.
Devereux, Zoe
Desmond, Ella (vocalist)
Engel, Jennie
Evans, Mrs. H.
Fisher, Lillie (vocalist)
Florence, Gertie (of Co.)
Fenton, Lavia
Fuller, Blanche
Fontainbleau, Miss (2)
Gerome, Mrs. Ida
Grinnell, Addie
Geary, Mina (2)
Glover, Phila
Girard, Eva
Hallett, Annie
Hastings, Alice (of Hasting's Sist.)
Hastings, Alice (2)
Herzlip, Grace N.
Herd, Bella
Herd Sisters
Herd, Della
Johnston, Mary J.
Jackson, Sadie
Knight, Fannie
Kellogg, Alice
Lillian sisters
Leslie, Laura (banjoist)
Leslie, Fannie
Lewis, Maude
Lavertie, Carrie
Leslie, Jennie
Leonard, Nellie
Lehman, Mrs. A.
Lehman, Mrs. Pollie
Lamont, Ada
Love Sisters
Morlacchi, Miss G.
Minnie, Leontine

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Frayne, Frank
Frederick, Chas. H.
Forbes, Chas. (manager)
Fisher, Chas. (balloonist)
Ferdinando, Mons.
Fizzimmons, — (of Philadelphia) (2)
Gaylor, — (dram. author)
Glassford, Sr., Andrew
Gruver, J. Holmes
Goss & Fox
Gaston, A. (of Queen's Co.)
Guy, W. E. (old men "biz")
Greenwood, Fred L.
German, Eugene F. & Mary
Goshan, Petre
Green & Sadler Sc.
Gibbs, Clark
Gray, Dan S.
"H. M. B."
Green, M. (musician)
Gourley, H. B.
Griste, Chas. B.
Grissinger, J. S.
Harris, F. (late of Davis' Cir.)
Horn, Mr. (of Mrs. Oates Co.)
Hicks, Chas. B.
Holland, W.
Howard, Geo.
Howard, Rollin
Hicks, Chas. H.
Haynes, M. R.
Hale, C. (of Furbish Co.)
Hayden, C. (with H. Meek)
Hartman, F. (with Barnum)
Hall, B. B.
Howe, Mr. (of Howe's Cir.)
Hirschfield, W. (comique, Harper, Thos.
Hague, Sam (2)
Hamilton, Wm.
Hussy, Laoni
Henri, Hi
Hill, A. P. (gymnast)
Hewett, Frank (2)
Heywood Bros.
Hamilton, Wm. D.
Hughes, Andy
Heeney, C. F.
Haines, W. W. (2)
Hicks, H. (postmark Queensland) 16c.
Haynes, Jas. W. (2)
Hutchinson, Jas. L.
Howard, G. O.
Howard, W. J.
Healy, Dr. Jno. E. (2)
Hiley & Marr
Irwin, Selden
Jones, Jas. A.
Jerome, E.
Jones, Carrie L.
Joseph, Sam H.
Jones, Frank
Johnson, Chas. S.
Kearney, M.
Kirwan, Ed.
Knight, Geo.
King, Chas. (of Sp. & Hend. Cir.)
Kruiz, C. (of Stoddart Co.)
Kidder, C. W.
Karl, Tom
Knight, G. (of How Athen, Boston)
Lesier & Allen
Lyons, Geo. W.
Lent, Sam
Lamen, J. L.
Langlois, F. 6c.
Lowery, J. (with A. Burnett)
Lenhart, F.
Le Blair, Shed
Lawler, Frank
Ling Lewis
Lyle, W. E.
Levy, Harry 3c.
Leland, Matt
Lee, H. (of Adelphi, Cincinnati)
Lehman, K. (with Barlow)
Little, Chas. (musician)
Lee, M. B. (2)
Leeper, Jr., L. B.
Leeper, Fred C.
Lovely, Wm. Lee & Lovely)
Lenderbilt, Frank 3c.
Leslie, F. H. (gymnast)
Morrell, Chas.
Morton, C. (of Barnum's World's Fair)
Lee, J. (of Adelphi, Cincinnati)
Lonaine, Dan G.
Lucas, S. (of Calender's Minst 3c.
Lovely, Joe
Lucas, Sam
Lee, Simcoe
Mouford, F. (deadhead agent)
Martino, Prof.
Mara, Wm. 3c.
Maginley, Ben
Moreland, Harry
"Manager"
Mohl, Alex.
Mills, Gus
Mack, Isaac G.
McKay, Dr. W. C. (2)
Mack, R. (of Hughes & Mack's Co.)
Morton, Chas. (of England)
Moore, Jno. (planist)
Monta, E. (of Garcia Co.)
Marston, Joe P. (2)
Mintz, Julius
Moulder, Jno. N.
Myers, Mr. (of Mc-Ginley's Cir.)
May, — (with Mayo Bros.)
Moore, Wm. (of Harper's Co.)
Murphy, J. C. (of Rob. Minst.) (2)
Murray, Wm. W. (minst "biz")
Maguire, Jas.
Meredith, Harry
Melville, W. T.
Masaroo, Theo. (gymnast)
Middleton, J. (musician)
Margenstein, Wm.
McDonough, Thos. B. 24c.
Marr, W. (of Early & Marr)
Mourath, P.
Mackey, J.
Mackavoy, Frank
Mayo, Frank (2)16c.
Morton & Bernardo
Mathews, C. C.
McAndrews, J. ("Wat.-m man.")
Newton, J. G.
Norman, Sam
Nash, Jno. E.
Norton, Jno. S.
Nathan & Co.'s Circus, June
Newton, Chas. E (4)
Newcombe, W. W.
Newell, Geo.
Newcombe, Robt. (2)
Lynn, Brian
Ogden, R. Dorsey
O'Leary, D.
Oswald, P. (of Robio Minst.)
O'Brien, J.
Peck & Snyder
Pfaff, Phil.
Peak, E. S. (2)
Pfaff, Dani.
Pedanto, Mr.
Parsons, W. (of F. Vincent Co.)
Pinkham, Ed.
Pani, J.
Prescott, Coleman C.
Perry, S. (with Cal. Wagner)
Rider, G. A. (of Wallack Co.)
Rush, Wm. D. (of Salsbury's Co.)
Romer, Jno. S.
Russell, Fred (2)
Ryan, Sam E.
Raden, M. (of Theatre, Boston) 3c.
Ronaseli, H. (of Roussell Bros.)
Robertson, Alex.
Roche, Frank
Reed, Chas. (minstrel)
Richards, G. (of Emerson's Minstrels.)
Rutledge, J. P.
Richards, — (sanbon-ball "biz")
Sprague, D. J. (2)
Schofield, H. S.
Sprague & Mack
Skinner, N. S.
Slaughton, Harry
Siegel, Fred
Stone or Stowe, W. H. (of Sadler's Cir.)
Smith, J. (of Sol Smith Russell's Peak Family)
Sparks, — (with Peak Family)
Sanford, J. (gymnast)
Smith, B. W. (late of East Saginaw)
Sheppards, Harry
Suett, J. (of Robbins' Cir.)
Thompson, Den 2c.
Tracy, W.
Tyler, Geo. H.
Thatcher, Ned
Thomas & Heeney (2)
Titus, Tracy, W.
Tryan, J. B.
Turner, Ned (com.)
Tobin, Prof.
Toomy, W. F.
Thillon, J. (of Bremond's Minst.)
Templeton, J. (manager)
Marr, W. (of Early & Marr)
Mourath, P.
Mackay, J.
Mackavoy, Frank
Mayo, Frank (2)16c.
Morton & Bernardo
Mathews, C. C.
McAndrews, J. ("Wat.-m man.")
Newton, J. G.
Norman, Sam
Nash, Jno. E.
Norton, Jno. S.
Nathan & Co.'s Circus, June
Newton, Chas. E (4)
Newcombe, W. W.
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Newcombe, Robt. (2)
Lynn, Brian
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O'Brien, J.
Peck & Snyder
Pfaff, Phil.
Peak, E. S. (2)
Pfaff, Dani.
Pedanto, Mr.
Parsons, W. (of F. Vincent Co.)
Pinkham, Ed.
Pani, J.
Prescott, Coleman C.
Perry, S. (with Cal. Wagner)
Rider, G. A. (of Wallack Co.)
Rush, Wm. D. (of Salsbury's Co.)
Romer, Jno. S.
Russell, Fred (2)
Ryan, Sam E.
Raden, M. (of Theatre, Boston) 3c.
Ronaseli, H. (of Roussell Bros.)
Robertson, Alex.
Roche, Frank
Reed, Chas. (minstrel)
Richards, G. (of Emerson's Minstrels.)
Rutledge, J. P.
Richards, — (sanbon-ball "biz")
Sprague, D. J. (2)
Schofield, H. S.
Sprague & Mack
Skinner, N. S.
Slaughton, Harry
Siegel, Fred
Stone or Stowe, W. H. (of Sadler's Cir.)
Smith, J. (of Sol Smith Russell's Peak Family)
Sparks, — (with Peak Family)
Sanford, J. (gymnast)
Smith, B. W. (late of East Saginaw)
Sheppards, Harry
Suett, J. (of Robbins' Cir.)
Thompson, Den 2c.
Tracy, W.
Tyler, Geo. H.
Thatcher, Ned
Thomas & Heeney (2)
Titus, Tracy, W.
Tryan, J. B.
Turner, Ned (com.)
Tobin, Prof.
Toomy, W. F.
Thillon, J. (of Bremond's Minst.)
Templeton, J. (manager)
Vernon, Chas. H.
Vincent, Nicolo
Vicforelli, Oscar
Victorelli, W. (gymnast)
Vanderbilt, Frank 3c.
Villa, S. B. (2)
Vernon, Chas.
Wildman, F. J. (2)
Winnetts, The
Webb, J. H. (agt.)
Wells, W.
Wing, Chas. A.
Washburn, E. S. (2)
Wardell, Leon W. (2)
Wheeler, Ben
Wild, Sam (or Thea. Comiq. Co.)
Wilson, Frank (late of Boston)
Wilson, — (of Wilson Bros.)
Woodson, — (minstrel, "biz")
Ward, W. H. (with Dug. & Bene.)
Weaver, Jno. (of (Hen. &Sprin Cir.)
Williams, L. Percy
Williams, Oliver
Williams, Jesse (musician)
Wenett, Thos.
Wade, Geo.
Zera, Prof.

The following PROFESSIONALS were in the Clipper office (Nick) post-office on July 2: Paul Schaoff, lion-tamer; M. J. Rourke, and Robt. West of Barnum's Show; C. E. Ramsay, of Hinch Allen Co. Miller, electrician; D. Fris, Edward Edgell, McKee Rankin, W. R. Coyne, and Matt Canning.

INTRODUCTORY OVERTURE.

MONDAY, July 5, '75.

This is pleasant, now, isn't it? The streets are thronged with living patriots engaged in the laudable duty of celebrating another anniversary of the day that gave birth to our glorious confederation of States, while we are pent up in our sanctum, and smoking just as though there was no Independence Day. (*Whiz-z-z bang!*) That's a Young America firecracker-leadership into our open window by some unprincipled celebrant who, no doubt, considers it a part of consanguinity and humanity to keep the smell a going, holiday or no holiday. When we look back through the dim vista of the past, and survey the bloody chasm by which we gained our present exalted position among the nations of the world; when we recall the scenes and the trials that made heroes of our forefathers, and filled many a pit with the mortal remains of our ancestral martyrs; when we look aloft, and behold the stars and stripes fluttering in the breeze, and catch the sound of many voices giving expression to the pent-up feelings of their hearts; then that the soul of man—(*Crack, bang, biz, crack, crack, bang!*) A pack of Chinese fire-crackers is burning briskly on the desk at which we are writing, and our notes and prepared manuscripts are blowing away, powder and fire destroying the brain-work of hours, and reminding us that it were better to close the window if we would be free from further interruption. ....."Our Jim" is, presumably, "indisposed." We gave him special injunctions to beat the devil early, as there would be considerable work to do, this morning; we found the appended lines, which speak for themselves:

PARTING.

I'm cu sik to work on the etherjuly—
Nor ever, never more, shall I
Tu morrer, as a waiyubil oischer dus,
*He be sorrin to come up (*a*) early.*

Jim can write, James has failed to connect, and will occupy a fat editorial chair. Our readers should remember that the youth has a great weakness for "pomps and ceremonies" of all sorts. To him a parade is a thing of surpassing grandeur, and the boy may often be observed among the "sidewalk composition," during some military display, walking along in close proximity to the drum corps, as he calls them, in his own peculiarly "gallus" style of gait. This last mentioned thing the eye which happens at the time to be discolored, as he says, on account of an encounter in the man's cherry tree, Jim moves along, quietly and pleasantly chuckling to himself in his own peculiar manner; never uttering a word unless, indeed, he may, in reply to the remark of the gentleman walking in front of him, advise him, in a very disrespectful tone of voice, to "wear his heels a mite of him when he's playing soldier." A military funeral also catches the lad in a tender spot—we know him to follow a "sojer burying" clear to Greenwood. At such times the serious squint of his eyes, the solemn aspect of his mouth, and his earnest asseveration that he is sorry for the corpse, emphatically testify to the sad effect upon his imagination. Although Jim's "parting" lines allude to a certain indisposition, yet another boy—who has an duty at the office to-day—has just sailed in to us that he saw Jim, early this morning, marching at the head of the veterans of the war of 1812. This afternoon, quite likely, he may be found among the Germans at Jones' Wood; and to-night will his young Irish friend at Jimmy Toohey's saloon....."Johnny, Fill up the Bowl," which seems to be very popular with the rising patriots of the land, is to have its a quel in "Louis Phillippe the Last." Ninety-nine years ago, in the ancient city of Philadelphia, a small but determined body of men, believing these truths to be self evident, made an entry, and did there and then resolve to—(*Bang! bang-z-z crash!*) Previously to closing our windows against the outside solidarity of peoples who are celebrating the 4th in their own irresistible way, we were somewhat discouraged at the upheaval of double-headers and the erratic course of juvenile crackers and eccentric chasers. That was bad enough. The course we pursued with the tormentors in locking them out seemed like a wise precaution on our part, and for a time we got along real comfortably, and became oblivious to 4th of July and its attendant fun! True, we could hear the missiles beating against the thick plate glass, which proved to be invulnerable; and we inwardly rejoiced at the success of our strategy! But just now a report, louder than any of its predecessors, was heard—the plate glass came crashing all around us, and our self-glorified means of defense were rendered null and void. We have concluded to offer no further opposition to the demonstrations of our outside friends. Crackers may come and crackers may go; rockets may phiz, and dart here and there in the sacred sanctum; Roman candles—a wicked contrivance, by the way—may send forth their fiery balls; yea, double-headers may irradiate about us; and guns may add to the general joy—yet we shall oppose them no more. Were we to anger our friends in the street, who knows but what they might bring up a park of artillery and blow the entire CLIPPER building into illimitable space? No; we shall say naught against the playfulness of our neighbors; we shall place no obstacle in the way of their enjoyment; we shall let them celebrate Independence Day in a sympathetic independent manner; and we shall probably join them in their gleesome and innocent pranks as soon as the labors of the day are ended.....A wretched correspondent in a distant town in Illinois wishes to know why a tax of ten dollars, imposed on unprotected traveling showmen in that place, is like a good barometer. Before we have had time to consult our associates, who are absent for a short time only to "see how they are getting along with the 4th of July" frivolity, this degraded man telegraphs the answer—collect on delivery—"*Because its a fine in Decatur!*".....We love little girls, although we hold no antagonistic position to the larger ones; whenever we see a little girl, we always stop and ponder o'er the scene, and we give utterance to our regrets that such an innocent and beautiful creation should ever live to grow up to womanhood, and become wicked and sinful as they all become sooner or later. [This is not meant in earnest; it is merely a figure of speech, to be used in cases where nothing better will answer.—ED. CLIP.] We are called to make these remarks after witnessing the child actress, "May the Fay," in a recent entertainment. Pardon us, therefore, while we compose a few pleasant rhymes:

MAY IN JULY.

O, Fay, you really are *an fait*
And May—while every effort draws
In each dramatic *Templeton*
Of human beings' sound applause.

.....And this reminds us that we have neglected to answer a correspondent—who made inquiry—that the *Holtman* Opera Troupe is *not* composed wholly of gentlemen.....No show for shows just now. Sol has dropped the curtain on nearly every theatrical exhibition, and managers are employing their time by endeavoring to catch porgies, while they (the managers) "stand upon the burning deck" of 10th, Plymouth Rock. The only surprise to us is that the lessees of that steamboat didn't send out a "Fire-Rifle-ball" in honor of the victory of our representatives in the shooting-match at Dollymount. It is not true that the ballet of "The Black Crook" are all aboard, rehearsing for the reproduction of that spectacular production. The "chimes" are not from old Trinity, although the chimes from that respectable old sanctuary would, no doubt, like to chime in if their services could be made available as the excursion moves "up the river."....This reminds us that, up the river, the Peak Family of Bellringers are grand favorites in *Peekskill*. Loader and Price have been making a sensation on the Bowery, but their mean and wicked ways have led them to jail, where they deserve to remain for their attempts to swear away the reputation of one who had never harmed them, or anyone else, for that matter.....Another lie is nailed to the counter when we unreservedly declare that the authorities of the "Society of Prayer" did *not* allude to the *Tribune* ornament.....Here's a funny thing—at least *we* think it funny, although that is not *always* a sign, for we frequently laugh heartily at some comical conceit we have just invented, and yet when we bring it before the public it falls flat, never gets a hand, and is a failure. In Burlington, Iowa, the two hotels are called the Barrett House and the Lawrence House. Now, as "the young American tragedian" is not twins, he is greatly perplexed where to stop when he visits that city. He asks us how he shall get over the difficulty. We very cunningly reply "*Walk a bar* (*bear*) *it*.....Many men are now "going through" Europe, and some of 'em will return and ask us to believe that they have climbed the Alps, etc. Ah, ha! that gives us *another* idea. A tourist who cuts his way up the mountains of Switzerland might be said to resemble a certain well-known house in *alp hacker!* See? [All these queer conceits we invented while the boys were enjoying themselves in seeing how many fireworks an editor's sanctum will hold without collapsing. We have got used to the fire and the din, and we don't care how soon they make it dinner time.....The "Hole Around the Corner" is respectfully informed that actors do not *all* dress in the *close of the season!*.....When we said that the Park was closed we did not refer to the *Central* Park, and our rural friends were wrong in deferring their visit on that account. Our notice had reference to the Park Theatre, in Brooklyn way. The latter, it was thought, would be reopened on the fifth of July with Mrs. J. A. Oates' comic-opera troupe, which, it was thought, would be a more stable attraction than "Macbeth;" and yet, judging from the assaults made upon, and liberties taken with the latter, by everybody, we are inclined to think we should not be surprised to see Lotta tackling it some midsummer night, "for thou hast all seasons for thine own, Macbeth." But Mrs. Oates evidently got her choler up during the heated term, and declared off; at the same time taking her "late husband" declared off for Australia. It is sweet to cherish blissful recollections of —— But we think these sort of reminiscences can be better dished up in singularly fascinating verse, as thus:

IN HONOR OF THEM.

The elfin Oates no elfin notes
Will give us at the Park;
Her agent, all to sun time goes
To Europe on a lark;
While Alice fair, with raven hair,
Will rusticate in peace;
And Tracy flies to foreign shores,
His ducats to increase.

.....They say that on "the other shore" they have erupted another gem, a French actress, named Plaister, who will probably take rank over here. Let us suggest that they be in no hurry; although a *Plaister*, she might not *draw*, especially when it became known that she is only *Plaister of Paris!*..... And talking of foreign exotics, and birds of song, and such things, a victim to managerial inaccuracies wants to know why it is called a "cancan" when the cute Italian opera-managers to *make erro-neous* announcements.....It may not be out of place to remind our lady friends who are retired from their profesional labors, that the pullback dress is *not* adapted for skipping-rope exercises, nor for climbing apple-trees. If worn at all, we should advise a letting out of the double reef, and—well, perhaps, we are getting "beyond the depths," and so we shall close this reference to ladies' clothes, and wind up the even tenor of our thoughts.

CITY SUMMARY.

THE ESTATE OF CHARLES M. BARRAS.—Washington Barras, a brother of the deceased, recently petioned Surrogate Calvin, asking for letters to be issued to compel Hiram D. Barras, another brother, to file an account of the estate, the time allowed by law having expired without his having done so. The Surrogate having granted the order, the account was filed on June 29, showing that the estate was estimated as some $50,000, including the debts owing to it—one of the latter was $8,000 for royalty on "The Black Crook." Owing to the uncollectable nature of the debts due the estate, its present value is estimated at about $8,000 only.

MISS LILLIE B. ELBERT has been engaged at the Olympic Theatre to appear in "Cinderella."

JOHANNA PRITCHARD arrived from Europe in the steamship Wisconsin on June 28.

MR. AND MRS. JOSEPH JEFFERSON, Miss J. J. Jefferson, and Miss M. J. Jefferson sailed for Europe in the steamship Russia on June 30.

HARRY KENNEDY the ventriloquist left Maginley-Melville & Cooke's Circus at Malone, N. Y., and returned to the city during the past week.

MME. ALBERTINE.—A meeting of the Dramatic Fund Association is to be held to discuss the question of restoring this blind actress to her former position in that society. It will be remembered that, since she was lost sight of, must be made good, the amount will be paid by F. S. Chanfrau, with whom Mmp. Albertine acted for many years. It has been discovered that Mme. Albertine's stepsisters are residing in Pleasantville, Pa., and other relatives have been found in Pittsburg. The Dramatic Fund Association has written to Captain Ralph Chandler a letter of thanks for his kindness in bringing the lady to her native country. Frank Chanfrau and J. McCabe of San Francisco, Cal., have pledged themselves to give benefits for Mme. Albertine during the coming Fall.

AT ROBINSON HALL Lecocq's charming opera has proved so powerful a magnet in drawing good houses, that the management have deferred the production of "Chilperic," and continue "Giroflé-Girofla" during the present week, the eighth of its successful run. "La Famille Trouille," a troupe of dancers, have been added to the corps of artists attached to this house, and they will introduce the peculiarities of their specialty dances, as an attractive accessory, during the progress of the opera. An extra matinee performance of "Giroflé-Girofla" was given July 5.

"AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS" is to be produced at the Academy of Music, in August, under the management of the Kiralfy Brothers, who have secured a lease of that theatre in such a manner that the run of the drama, if successful, cannot be interrupted. Mr. Wineschenk, who originally produced this spectacle in Paris, France, and who recently paid this city a visit in order to inspect the theatre, has returned to Paris for the purpose of bringing hither, some three weeks hence, the principal danseuse, the ballet, the ballet-master, and M. Hezel, the master machinist of the Porte St. Martin Theatre. The gorgeous transformation scene, the costumes, properties, scenery and machinery, duplicates of those used in the original production of the comedy, are expected to arrive here shortly. It is asserted that the dialogue in the spectacle will excel any hitherto listened to in spectacular productions, and that it partakes more of the nature of a society-comedy than a drama, its scenes, incidents and effects being modern. It is from the pen of M. A. D. Ennery, the author of "The Two Orphans," which had so successful a run during the past season.

AL. S. LIPMAN, associate manager of the Vaudeville Theatre, Louisville, Ky., was in town during the past week. He informs us that he returns West on July 5.

CHARLES FOSTER was the star attraction at Wood's Museum last week, acting in his own dramas, "201, or the Boston's Oath," was performed until Thursday evening, when "Twenty Years, or the Twins," was substituted, and ran the rest of the week. Business fair. At the customary matinees, Miss Gussie De Forrest, formerly leading lady at this theatre, and who has held a similar position during the past season at the Holliday-street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., reappeared, and acted May Edwards in "The Ticket-of-leave Man."

MR. H. C. HUSTED has leased the Bowery Theatre for a term of years, and will open it in August for the regular season of 1875-6. Performances were given under his management on July 3, 5.

THE ANNOUNCED OPENING of the Oates Opera-bouffe Company at the Park Theatre, July 5, has received an emphatic contradiction from Mrs. Jas. A. Oates. She states, in a card to the public, that the alleged engagement made by unauthorized parties, with the management of the Park Theatre, for the appearance of herself and company was without her knowledge or consent. The only parties authorized by her to make contracts or engagements for this troupe are her business manager, Mr. J. W. Allinson, and Simmonds & Wall, her New York agents.

MR. SHELDON is the star this week at Wood's Museum at the evening performances, and Miss Gussie De Forrest continues at the matinees.

AT THE OLYMPIC THEATRE, during the past week, Add Ryman kept the audiences well amused by his witticisms in a burlesque oration: Miss Nellie Vincent was well received, and Smith, Waldron, Lester and Allen—who rejoice in the cognomen of "The Big Four"—were much applauded. This week the new faces will be Lillie Jennie Yeamans and Alonzo Schwartze, Dutch vocalist.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE is billed to open for the season of 1875-6 on or about Aug. 16, under the management of Col. T. Allston Brown.

T. L. CONNOR withdrew suddenly from Wood's Museum on June 28. The character he was cast for was satisfactorily acted by Harry Lee.

THE KELLOGG ENGLISH-OPERA TROUPE, during their engagement at Booth's Theatre next season, will produce "The Lily of Killarney," with additional music and recitative as arranged by Sir Julius Benedict. During the season of 1875-6, in addition to the above-named work, the company will produce the following operas: "Crown Diamonds," "Star of the North" and English versions of "Crispino e Comare" and "Ballo in Maschera."

CARROLL vs. MAGUIRE.—During the season of 1874-75, R. M. Carroll and his three sons were engaged for a certain sum to perform in San Francisco, Cal., for a specified number of weeks under the management of Thomas Maguire, who also agreed, as we are informed, to remit to Mr. Carroll in this city the necessary funds for the transportation of himself and boys to that city. It is alleged that Mr. Maguire failed to remit the sum of money agreed upon, and that in consequence Mr. Carroll and his sons did not go to San Francisco, and subsequently made engagements to perform at the Theatre Comique in this city at much less salary than they would have received had they gone to San Francisco. When Mr. Maguire recently arrived in this city, as the manager of the Emerson Minstrels, Mr. Carroll sued out an attachment against him, and seized upon the nightly receipts at the Park Theatre. Mr. Maguire then endeavored, through his attorney, to have this attachment vacated on the ground, as we are informed, that he had come to New York to reside permanently, and affidavits to this effect by himself and his business manager, it is said, were filed in court. An argument was had, and the decision was reserved. During the past week Judge Spear of the Superior Court rendered a decision refusing to vacate the order of attachment.

THE COMMITTEE entrusted with the management of the Bryant benefits seem to consider that the public have no right to ask for a report as to the sum of money received, or the disposition of the same. Surely a committee have had ample time to make up their statement, and they owe it to the contributors to the fund to show the figures.

MICKEY WARREN, a famous jig-dancer in his day, died at Bellevue Hospital on the 14th of May last, and intelligence thereof has just reached us. His early history is enshrouded in mystery, and the earliest record we can find of his public performances is that he was dancing at Charley White's Melodeon in the Bowery in 1849, and this may possibly have been his first appearance on the stage. He was connected as a star feature with Bryant's Minstrels for a number of years, and performed at various times at the variety theatres on Broadway. He disappeared from the public gaze some years ago, and so little was known of his subsequent career that many believed he died some years ago. He was about 47 years of age.

W. E. ANDREWS and Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Palmer were among the passengers for England in the steamship Russia on June 30.

THE BOUCICAULT-HART CASE.—The demurrer filed by Mr. Hart's counsel averring that the complaint did not properly allege that "The Shaughraun" was a copyrighted play, nor show wherein "The Skibbeah" had been pirated from it, it will be remembered, was overruled by Judge Woodruff, who granted a temporary injunction restraining the further representation of portions of "The Skibbeah," Mr. Hart's counsel appealed from that decision; and although attempts to effect a settlement, having been the argument on the appeal, affirmed the judgment of the Court below, but gave Mr. Hart's counsel twenty-five days in which to file an answer to the original complaint.

DRAMATIC.
Managers, Agents, Doorkeepers, and Others

Are respectfully requested not to extend any courtesies or information to persons claiming to be correspondents of THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, unless they can exhibit a card of a LIGHT BLUE SHADE, with an engraving of THE CLIPPER BUILDING on one side, and on the other the names of the city, correspondent, etc., signed by the proprietor of the paper, which will be issued from this office, on June 1, 1875, and affixed thereunto, each card running for six months. Every authorized correspondent is supplied with a card of the above description, and has no authority to use any other unless specially authorized by us. Managers will relieve themselves from imposition by demanding an exhibition of said card, and refusing to accept any excuse whatever for its non-production. Managers and treasurers will also take notice that no person other than the one whose name it bears, managers and others will confer a favor if they will retain it and mail it to this office.

Persons applying for the position of correspondent are respectfully requested to consider SILENCE A NEGATIVE.

FRANK E. AIKEN, supported by his own company, will travel during the coming season of 1875-6, appearing in "Van the Virginian," "Justice," and a new American drama by Edward Spencer. He advertises his specialties in another column, and requests managers with open dates to communicate with him.

H. M. BEEN has written "a dramatic tribute to the great centennial of American Independence," in four acts, a prelude and a finale, entitled "George Washington, or the Trials of a Hero."

CHARITABLY DISPOSED PROFESSIONALS can aid a boy who is now lying in a precarious condition at the residence of a widow lady, at the corner of Harrison and Hayward streets, Williamsburg, L. I. He has been an intense sufferer during the past five years from what is commonly termed "chalk gout," and his physicians have given him up as incurable. It is sweet to cherish blissful recollections of —— But we think these sort of reminiscences can be better dished up in singularly fascinating verse, as thus:

IN HONOR OF THEM.

The elfin Oates no elfin notes
Will give us at the Park;
Her agent, all to sun time goes
To Europe on a lark;
While Alice fair, with raven hair,
Will rusticate in peace;
And Tracy flies to foreign shores,
His ducats to increase.

.....They say that on "the other shore" they have erupted another gem, a French actress, named Plaister, who will probably take rank over here. Let us suggest that they be in no hurry; although a *Plaister*, she might not *draw*, especially when it became known that she is only *Plaister of Paris!*..... And talking of foreign exotics, and birds of song, and such things, a victim to managerial inaccuracies wants to know why it is called a "cancan" when the cute Italian opera-managers to *make erro-neous* announcements.....It may not be out of place to remind our lady friends who are retired from their profesional labors, that the pullback dress is *not* adapted for skipping-rope exercises, nor for climbing apple-trees. If worn at all, we should advise a letting out of the double reef, and—well, perhaps, we are getting "beyond the depths," and so we shall close this reference to ladies' clothes, and wind up the even tenor of our thoughts.

CITY SUMMARY.

THE ESTATE OF CHARLES M. BARRAS.—Washington Barras, a brother of the deceased, recently petioned Surrogate Calvin, asking for letters to be issued to compel Hiram D. Barras, another brother, to file an account of the estate, the time allowed by law having expired without his having done so. The Surrogate having granted the order, the account was filed on June 29, showing that the estate was estimated as some $50,000, including the debts owing to it—one of the latter was $8,000 for royalty on "The Black Crook." Owing to the uncollectable nature of the debts due the estate, its present value is estimated at about $8,000 only.

MISS LILLIE B. ELBERT has been engaged at the Olympic Theatre to appear in "Cinderella."

JOHANNA PRITCHARD arrived from Europe in the steamship Wisconsin on June 28.

MR. AND MRS. JOSEPH JEFFERSON, Miss J. J. Jefferson, and Miss M. J. Jefferson sailed for Europe in the steamship Russia on June 30.

HARRY KENNEDY the ventriloquist left Maginley-Melville & Cooke's Circus at Malone, N. Y., and returned to the city during the past week.

MME. ALBERTINE.—A meeting of the Dramatic Fund Association is to be held to discuss the question of restoring this blind actress to her former position in that society. It will be remembered that, since she was lost sight of, must be made good, the amount will be paid by F. S. Chanfrau, with whom Mmp. Albertine acted for many years. It has been discovered that Mme. Albertine's stepsisters are residing in Pleasantville, Pa., and other relatives have been found in Pittsburg. The Dramatic Fund Association has written to Captain Ralph Chandler a letter of thanks for his kindness in bringing the lady to her native country. Frank Chanfrau and J. McCabe of San Francisco, Cal., have pledged themselves to give benefits for Mme. Albertine during the coming Fall.

AT ROBINSON HALL Lecocq's charming opera has proved so powerful a magnet in drawing good houses, that the management have deferred the production of "Chilperic," and continue "Giroflé-Girofla" during the present week, the eighth of its successful run. "La Famille Trouille," a troupe of dancers, have been added to the corps of artists attached to this house, and they will introduce the peculiarities of their specialty dances, as an attractive accessory, during the progress of the opera. An extra matinee performance of "Giroflé-Girofla" was given July 5.

"AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS" is to be produced at the Academy of Music, in August, under the management of the Kiralfy Brothers, who have secured a lease of that theatre in such a manner that the run of the drama, if successful, cannot be interrupted. Mr. Wineschenk, who originally produced this spectacle in Paris, France, and who recently paid this city a visit in order to inspect the theatre, has returned to Paris for the purpose of bringing hither, some three weeks hence, the principal danseuse, the ballet, the ballet-master, and M. Hezel, the master machinist of the Porte St. Martin Theatre. The gorgeous transformation scene, the costumes, properties, scenery and machinery, duplicates of those used in the original production of the comedy, are expected to arrive here shortly. It is asserted that the dialogue in the spectacle will excel any hitherto listened to in spectacular productions, and that it partakes more of the nature of a society-comedy than a drama, its scenes, incidents and effects being modern. It is from the pen of M. A. D. Ennery, the author of "The Two Orphans," which had so successful a run during the past season.

AL. S. LIPMAN, associate manager of the Vaudeville Theatre, Louisville, Ky., was in town during the past week. He informs us that he returns West on July 5.

CHARLES FOSTER was the star attraction at Wood's Museum last week, acting in his own dramas, "201, or the Boston's Oath," was performed until Thursday evening, when "Twenty Years, or the Twins," was substituted, and ran the rest of the week. Business fair. At the customary matinees, Miss Gussie De Forrest, formerly leading lady at this theatre, and who has held a similar position during the past season at the Holliday-street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., reappeared, and acted May Edwards in "The Ticket-of-leave Man."

MR. H. C. HUSTED has leased the Bowery Theatre for a term of years, and will open it in August for the regular season of 1875-6. Performances were given under his management on July 3, 5.

THE ANNOUNCED OPENING of the Oates Opera-bouffe Company at the Park Theatre, July 5, has received an emphatic contradiction from Mrs. Jas. A. Oates. She states, in a card to the public, that the alleged engagement made by unauthorized parties, with the management of the Park Theatre, for the appearance of herself and company was without her knowledge or consent. The only parties authorized by her to make contracts or engagements for this troupe are her business manager, Mr. J. W. Allinson, and Simmonds & Wall, her New York agents.

MR. SHELDON is the star this week at Wood's Museum at the evening performances, and Miss Gussie De Forrest continues at the matinees.

AT THE OLYMPIC THEATRE, during the past week, Add Ryman kept the audiences well amused by his witticisms in a burlesque oration: Miss Nellie Vincent was well received, and Smith, Waldron, Lester and Allen—who rejoice in the cognomen of "The Big Four"—were much applauded. This week the new faces will be Lillie Jennie Yeamans and Alonzo Schwartze, Dutch vocalist.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE is billed to open for the season of 1875-6 on or about Aug. 16, under the management of Col. T. Allston Brown.

T. L. CONNOR withdrew suddenly from Wood's Museum on June 28. The character he was cast for was satisfactorily acted by Harry Lee.

THE KELLOGG ENGLISH-OPERA TROUPE, during their engagement at Booth's Theatre next season, will produce "The Lily of Killarney," with additional music and recitative as arranged by Sir Julius Benedict. During the season of 1875-6, in addition to the above-named work, the company will produce the following operas: "Crown Diamonds," "Star of the North" and English versions of "Crispino e Comare" and "Ballo in Maschera."

CARROLL vs. MAGUIRE.—During the season of 1874-75, R. M. Carroll and his three sons were engaged for a certain sum to perform in San Francisco, Cal., for a specified number of weeks under the management of Thomas Maguire, who also agreed, as we are informed, to remit to Mr. Carroll in this city the necessary funds for the transportation of himself and boys to that city. It is alleged that Mr. Maguire failed to remit the sum of money agreed upon, and that in consequence Mr. Carroll and his sons did not go to San Francisco, and subsequently made engagements to perform at the Theatre Comique in this city at much less salary than they would have received had they gone to San Francisco. When Mr. Maguire recently arrived in this city, as the manager of the Emerson Minstrels, Mr. Carroll sued out an attachment against him, and seized upon the nightly receipts at the Park Theatre. Mr. Maguire then endeavored, through his attorney, to have this attachment vacated on the ground, as we are informed, that he had come to New York to reside permanently, and affidavits to this effect by himself and his business manager, it is said, were filed in court. An argument was had, and the decision was reserved. During the past week Judge Spear of the Superior Court rend

EXTRAORDINARY LEAPING, FEOT RACE, ETC.—A correspondent writing from Janesville, Wis., under date of July 2, sends the following: "During the afternoon performance of W. W. Cole's New York and New Orleans Circus in Portage City, Wis., on the 30th of June, Wm. Batchelder, always one of the best leapers, determined on this occasion (the run being exceedingly good) to bear off the palm, if possible. Accordingly, twenty-one horses were placed in position—one more than ever before—for a double somersault. They were cleared with ease. But the end was not yet. With a view to place his record beyond approach by leapers of the present age, he announced publicly his intention of attempting at least twenty-three during the evening performances. The news spread like wildfire, and his probable success was excitedly discussed by both interested citizens and members of the company. The wonderful feats of Stickney, Kelley, Rhineheart and others were eagerly cited as striking examples of the best leaping that had or could be done. There was a large attendance at the evening exhibition. The horses were again one after another placed in position. Mr. Kelley's long leap over twenty-three was accomplished, and as usual a move was made to lessen the number for the double, when Mr. Batchelder, from the bank of the ring, called, "Hold!" Mr. Fryer, the equestrian director, announced that a feat never before attempted, much less accomplished, was about to be tried. There was a hushed silence. The twenty-three horses stood side by side. There was a flash along the running plank, a quick, light touch on the board, a body, motor-like, shot through the air, two swift, graceful evolutions followed, and Batchelder struck the leaping-bed firm, graceful and erect. The distance was cleared by full three feet! For a moment the silence was unbroken, the vast audience unable to realize that the feat had been accomplished with so little effort. Then round after round of applause greeted the vaulter, a compliment he acknowledged by gracefully bowing on all sides. This feat of turning a double somersault over twenty-three horses places Mr. Batchelder at the head of the list, the champion leaper of all countries. [As we have, ever hitherto, remarked upon publishing similar communications, we notice that no definite statement is made how the horses were placed. It will be seen that a great difference is made in the distance leaped, whether the horses are squarely placed, so that their entire bodies are parallel to one another, or whether their necks are placed against each other, their bodies forming a sort of semi-circle. In the former, the vaulter leaps over so many horses' backs, and in the latter over so many horses' necks. Let the record be made complete, and then the full credit may be given to Mr. Batchelder.—ED. CLIP.] In verification of this fact, and to place its authenticity beyond question, we append the names of the following citizens of Portage and well-known members of the profession, to whom communications may be addressed at will: W. W. Corning, Mayor of the city; M. Brant, City Marshal; H. Doherty, City Clerk; D. Wells, Sheriff of the county; George M. Kelley, Hiram Marks, A. E. Richards and P. Harris. Business with the N. Y. and N. O. Circus, since we opened, has been simply immense. The boys are all happy in the consciousness that the 'cold, chilly winds of December,' as they whistle through the broad thoroughfares, will sing no requiem over past misfortunes, of salaries unpaid, engagements run out, etc. Sports are off's among us, footracing now bolting the order of the day. On Thursday, of this week, considerable excitement was occasioned throughout the show, ladies included, over a foot-race between Henry Cooke, aged sixty-three years, the father of John, Hen'y, and Harry Welby Cooke, a hearty, hale old English gentleman, and George Conklin, the Lion King and trainer of all our animals. Bets were freely wagered on both sides, Mr. Cooke being personally the favorite, and the ladies betting freely on him; but by the betting fraternity he was thought to be too old to cope successfully with his younger competitor. The track, however, was all cleared, the ropes were stretched, and the contestants stood at the starting point. Mr. Conklin wore a self-confident smile, while the old gentleman's countenance was a little paled with excitement. He had a handkerchief, turban fashion, caught round his brow, and the white bald spot on his head glistened in the sunshine of a pleasant June day. The drum tapped an' they were off like the wind. For half the distance there was not a hair's breath between them, when a slight gap was observed, with the veteran in the lead, which gap he continued to widen until under the wire, winning the race by fully six feet. Shout after shout rent the air, handkerchiefs and hats were tossed wildly, and, with the perspiration streaming down his face, the old gentlemen was borne off the field of the hour. Those who were overconfident of the old one's failing years were not a little chagrined. In fact, your correspondent must work hard for the next two weeks to reimburse himself for his lack of confidence in and reverence for old age."

W. W. COLES' N. Y. AND N. O. CIRCUS performed in Janesville, Wis., July 2, Madison 3, Route—Logansport, Ind., 5, Anderson 6, New Castle 7, Piqua, O., 8, Urbana 9, Newark 10, Cadiz 11, Steubenville 13, Wheeling, W. Va., 14, Pittsburg, Pa., 15, 16, 17.

HOWE'S LONDON CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE is to show at St. Paul, Minn., July 12.

COOK, THE CHAMPION'S CIRCUS was billed for exhibition in Manchester, Tenn., July 4.

BARNUM'S ROMAN HIPPODROME showed in Detroit, Mich., June 28, 29. Billed at Paris, Ill., July 10, Chicago, Ill., 12, to continue the week.

SELLS BROTHERS' COMBINATION has been showing in the vicinity of Fort Wayne, Ind., for the past ten days, and business is reported good. Fred Runnells left the show at Bluffton, and has gone to Omaha, to join his father and brother, with the Queen show. Route: Monroeville, July 5, New Haven 6, Spencerville 7, Hicksville, O., 8, Butler, Ind., 9, Angola 11, Waterloo 12.

A. S. BURT, general agent, whose address find elsewhere, can be engaged.

GEO. W. HALL, sideshow solicitor, advertises that he and an Albino girl can be engaged.

J. E. COOKE advertises a handsome bay pad-horse for sale.

R. MCANDLIS left the "Yankee" Robinson Show at Stillwater, Minn., June 26—two days before its collapse—on account of ill-health.

HARRY WELBY COOKE is open for engagements for the remainder of the tenting season, or he will dispose of the stock mentioned in his card in another column.

AMERICA'S RACING ASSOCIATION AND HIPPODROME was sold at auction at Ogdensburg, N. Y., June 29, to George W. Clark of New York for $10,000.

THE INTEROCEAN CIRCUS collapsed at El Paso, Ill., recently.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A FIRST-CLASS MAGICIAN can find an engagement by applying to Major Evans, as per card. He would like to hear from R. Blitz.

PUNCH AND JUDY FIGURES, marionettes, magic tricks, etc., can be obtained of Mrs. Nicholson, who advertises.

BOGUS AGENTS.—There are a number of persons travelling about in the West, a correspondent informs us, who represent themselves to be agents of various companies. Their plans of operation are as follow: They book halls for unheard of troupes, and give orders on the treasurer of the company, in payment of bills, to hotel-keepers, billpos'ers, and all who would trust them. They never carry any baggage, and represent that there is "another man coming," upon whom they give the billposter an order for "the paper," after borrowing, or trying to do so, small amounts of money. We have before us the cards of two alleged agents, which read as follows: "J. Lewis, General Contracting Agent for the San Francisco Minstrels and Star Specialty Troupe," and "S. Friedman, General Agent of Rogers' Combination Troupe. Complimentary."

FIRE-EATING APPARATUS can be purchased of R. C. Barefoot, who advertises.

I. DAVEAU can be engaged to write dramas, sketches, burlesques, etc., to order. See card.

GUARD HALL, Denver, Col., can be rented by applying to "ENGINE," as per advertisement.

AN ELECTRIC BATTERY, with 52 Bunsen elements, lenses, etc., a large imported water fountain, with all the necessary apparatus, and a set of theatrical scenery, representing a Persian interior and landscape, are advertised for sale by J. F. Palme.

CEILING-WALKING APPARATUS can be obtained of Chas. D. Crescent, as per card.

THE OPERA-HOUSE, Kokomo, Ind., is open for rental, or the manager will play combinations on shares. Particulars are published in Manager Winslow's advertisement.

THE NATIONAL THEATRE, Washington, D. C., is advertised to rent until Sept. 1.

ALF BURNETT is to start on a tour July 22. He comes eastward from Cincinnati. His agent sends a list of some towns which will be visited during the Summer, but no dates are given.

THE NEWARK OPERA HOUSE is offered for sale or exchange by H. B. Kimball, proprietor, who advertises in another column.

A YOUNG MAN desires an engagement with a traveling company to make himself generally useful. See R. E. Carragah's card.

THOMAS LAWLER advertises for an engagement as property man with a traveling company. He states that he can play tuba in brass band.

L. FISHER advertises the Oriental Ball in his card of the Western Magical Repository.

AMUSEMENTS of any kind have been decidedly rare in Harrisburg, Pa., for some time past. On July 1 General Jos. F. Knipe retired from the position of superintendent of the Grand Opera-house, and H. J. Steel has been entrusted by the Board of Directors with the management of the building.

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, continues to be a popular resort for the denizens of the Quaker City.

JOHN B. JEFFREY, superintendent of *The Chicago Evening Journal* Show-printing House, publishes a card in another column, explanatory of one published last week by R. W. Wallis.

A PROGRAMME agent is wanted. His qualifications are stated in "Manager's" card in another column.

A ROOF-SLOWER is advertised for by John Powers.

A PARTNER is to take an interest in a floating palace and steam calliope exhibition is wanted by Capt. Eichels, who advertises.

A SPANGLED ARMOR and other dresses and jewelry are offered for sale by "Actress," who can be addressed care of this office.

THE BILLPOSTERS.—The next convention of the National Billposters' Association will be held in Albany, N. Y., on Wednesday, July 14. See card.

A LOT OF MAGICAL APPARATUS, including the Indian box trick, is offered for sale by "Magician," who advertises.

THEATRICAL WIGS and make-up boxes can be obtained at Helmer's establishment, which can be found advertised in our business department.

ORDERS FOR ALL KINDS OF SHOW PAINTING can be executed at J. Bruce's studio, advertised in our business department.

MAGIC LANTERNS and slides are wanted by Thos. J. Harbach, who advertises.

MASTER CLARENCE HOLT, who left his home in Springfield, Mass., on May 23 last, and it is thought has joined some traveling show, is earnestly requested to write to his father, who states that he is perfectly willing that his son shall travel if he so wishes, but that he would like to know where he is, in order to relieve his suspense. Any person knowing Master Holt's whereabouts will confer a favor by communicating such intelligence to the editor of this journal.

R. M. ST. JAMES, whose address is care of this office, can be engaged as assistant agent, press agent, programmer, ticket seller, etc.

P. W. SHRADER, advance agent, can be engaged by addressing as per card.

SCHULER'S TRANSATLANTIC NOVELTY COMPANY, late Schumann's, now performing at the Arch-street Opera-house, Philadelphia, Pa., have open dates, which can be secured by applying to W. Hamilton, as per advertisement. The company, which consists of 16 artists, presents operatic, gymnastic pantomimic, ventriloquial and specialty acts as the features of the performances.

LANE & WEAVER, variety and dramatic agents, advertise a music hall, with fixtures complete, for sale; also that W. H. Buckley, strong man, is open for an engagement, and that a full ballet and a number of corypheés can find positions by applying to them immediately.

A. STEINAU & Co. of Cincinnati, O., manufacture and import all kinds of cheap jewelry, and make a specialty of cheap packages for gift, concert and side-show entertainments. Send for illustrated price-list, and address as per advertisement.

JOHN C. DENHAM, stage-carpenter, inserts his card in another column.

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

DRAMATIC.

OUR FOREIGN ADVICES, which are up to June 20, contain but little novelty. Upon another page may be found reviews of a new comedy-drama recently produced at the Court Theatre, and a farce at the Adelphi. At the other London, Eng., theatres, the only special features were the commencement of morning performances at the Prince of Wales', with an entertainment consisting of Mrs. Bancroft and Mr. Coghlan in "Sweethearts," and Miss E. Terry and Mr Bancroft in "A Happy Pair." Signor Salvini has played in "Hamlet" and "Othello" at Drury-lane. The last nights of the season are approaching at the Haymarket, the Lyceum, and other theatres, and the last nights of "The Spendthrift" are reached at the Olympic. At the Adelphi the new farce, "Painless Dentistry," precedes "Nicholas Nickleby." The Gaiety is still devoted to opera. No change is to be reported at the Princess'.....Charles Wyndham was to have received a benefit at the Crystal Palace on June 26, when "Clancarty" was to have constituted the bill .... At the Alexandra Palace, on June 22, "Creatures of Impulse;" on 25, Mr. Sothern and Mr. Buckstone in "Our American Cousin;" and 26, concerts by members of Her Majesty's Opera company, including Miles. Titiens [the London papers have given this orthography of the lady's name for over a year past, instead of Tietjens.—ED. CLIPPER]. Marie Roze, Rizarelli, Signor Brignoli, and Galassi, and Herr Rehsen were the announced amusements.

AT A GRAND DRAMATIC FETE for the benefit of the Royal Dramatic College, to have been held at the Alexandra Palace on July 3, the following well-known professionals were to appear: Signor Salvini, Messrs. Sothern, Southern, G. Belmore, H. Sinclair, J. Fernandez, David James, Thomas Thorne, S. Emery, E. Terry, H. Cox, W. Farren, H. Neville, C. Harcourt, G. W. Anson, C. Warner, J. Eldred, L. Sothern, G. Everett, E. Osborne, J. Clark, W. Terriss, F. Vokes, W. Vokes, C. J. Smith, J. C. Shore, J. Fawn, Herbert Campbell, T. H. M'Dermot, J. Braid, G. Conquest, H. Paulton, F. Hughes, Brittain Wright, W. Worboys, J. Francis, E. Ellis, G. Perren, H. Pyatt, F. H. Cowen, Sidney Naylor, Willyce Copner, Wilford Morgan, Frederic Chatterton and Mr. Weathersby, Mrs. Sterling, Miss Rose Heroes, Mrs. Billington, Mrs. Howard Paul, Mrs. Alfred Mellon, the Misses R. Vokes, V. Vokes, J. Vokes, Eleanor Bufton, Amy Roselle, Kate Bishop, Edith Stuart, E. Fowler, Hudspeth, Blanche Cole, Julia Eaton, Alice Fairman, A. Claude, L. Venn, H. Coveney, Bella Moore, Linda Deltz, Fanny Wright, A. Murray, E. Phillips, Banks, Marion Severn, Madame Jullien, Madame Davis, etc.

THE AMERICAN TEAM at the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin, Ireland, on June 18, met with a most enthusiastic reception. *The Dublin Evening Mail* says: "There was great applause when the Lord Mayor publicly visited the team in their box. On the appearance of the guests the orchestra struck up "Hail Columbia," and amidst vociferous cheers, repeated again and again, they took their seats. Miss Genevieve Ward then came forward to recite the address specially composed by S. D. Ettington, Esq., B. L. She was dressed in a complete ancient Irish costume, of white robe and mantle, trimmed with green and gold, with tiara, brooch, and armlets complete, and having in her hand the wand and ring which Moore has rendered famous. The following was the address which was repeatedly interrupted by applause and laughter:

Robed as Hibernia's daughter, lo! I stand,
Like you, a guest in dear Old Ireland.
Ye Britons, by favor of our Guna's,
Columbia's daughter hails Columbia's sons.
Had I ten thousand hands, with all I'd meet ye,
Had I ten thousand tongues, with welcome greet ye;
The time and space may seem to interpose,
And 'twixt our shores a cruel ocean flows,
With magic wand I touch the electric sprigs,
At once a responsive answer brings,
Which proves, however distant be each land,
Both nations are united heart and hand.
Our sires, by famine and by wrongs opprest,
Found ever shelter in the glorious West;
And in their children's hearts left still enshrined,
The love of home, that distance could not bind.
Then, by their honored ashes, by their graves,
We greet you, brothers from across the waves.
Brothers in blood, as well as hearts and speech,
Brought here together by our favorite *Lee's*.
Welcome, than welcome; and a happy time,
Mark'd by no weeping from our tearful clime,
We wish propitious skies, yet still we deem
The reigning favor'e the Rifle Team.
Come to our feast—with love our hearts are full—
The fatted calf we'll kill—it is a bull.
Soon when arrayed in contest, you may try
The metal of that bull, but mind his eye.
To strive in friendship; if you win, you'll meet
No heavier cheering than from those you beat.
And if your brothers win, you won't despair!
You still have left a younger brother's share.
Ireland in either case is doubly blest—
She wins the most, in losing to her guest.
Oh! may the spirits of the blessed dead
O'Connell on whose tomb warm tears are shed,
And Washington, with all that noble throng,
Whose names are ever an unceasing song,
Who strove for liberty, now by you stand,
And silent bless each patriotic hand.
And so we welcome you, with hands, hearts, eyes,
Cead mile failthe, echoes to the skies.

When the drop-scene went down, Miss Ward was recalled and obliged to bow her thanks for her reception. 'Medea' and the last two acts of 'The Merchant of Venice' were performed. At the end of each act she was called, and at the conclusion of the performance was greeted with a shower of bouquets. 'Yankee Doodle' was played by the orchestra as a final air, and the team left the theatre amidst a vast crowd and enthusiastic applause. To-night (19th) the team again visit the Gaiety on the occasion of Miss Ward's benefit, when 'Medea' will be again performed; and 'The Honeymoon,' in which Mr. John H. Bird of the American team will act the Duke Aranza. We expect Mr. Bird, an American barrister, will show the Irish Bar what amateur acting may be."

MISS BESSIE SUDLOW was specially engaged to sing "The Star-spangled Banner" at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, Ireland, on June 22, when the American team visited that theatre.

MRS. JOHN WOOD and her London Comedy Company began an engagement of eighteen nights at the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin, Ireland, June 21.

THE "TOUR DU MONDE" is still making £300 a night and upwards in Paris, France.

FREDERICK THORNE made his first appearance on the English stage since his return from America, on June 5 at the Theatre Royal, Birkenhead, for the benefit of J. H. Potter.

PAULINE MARKHAM, it is rumored, was about to appear in London, Eng., in a new burlesque.

LYDIA THOMPSON is to commence a provincial tour with her burlesque company at Brighton, Eng., July 5.

MUSICAL.

"THE BARBER OF SEVILLE."—All admirers of this charming opera may be interested to learn that the business of Figaro, who has been immortalized by Rossini, is still carried on in the Plaza, San Tomé, Seville, Spain, and that his successor, who only charges five cents for shaving you, gives you subsequently "*a segudilla* on der guitar," for nothing.

MUSICAL JOTTINGS.—Madame Cavallo is still very ill, and her physicians have ordered her to cease work for three weeks at least.....After June 20 the last performance of "Aida"), all the theatres of Vienna will have been closed for the Summer.....Wagner has, it is said, a new opera in hand on the subject of the Legend of Percival.....Mlle. Marie Belval has finished her engagement at the French Opera, and will resume her Italian operatic career .....Charles Lamoureux has been decorated by the King of Hanover.....'Il Cacciatore" has proved a fiasco at the Milan Santa Radegonda, but "Un Matrimonio sotto la Repubblica," which is *on dit*, somewhat Wagneresque, has been successfully produced at the Pal Verme.....Mlle. Belval has been engaged at St. Petersburg and Moscow for next season .....A *projet de loi* for a new credit of 3,000,000 francs for the completion of the Nouvel Opera has been presented to the French Legislature.....On June 16, the 400th representation of Halevy's "La Juive" took place at the Paris Opera.

OFFENBACH'S health is improving, and he expects to resume his labors shortly. He also purposes to relinquish the management of the Gaiety Theatre, for which, it is said, an English gentleman is in negotiation.

MISS CLARA GOTTSCHALK gave a piano-forte recital at St. George's Hall, London, Eng., on June 7, playing the compositions of her late brother, the great American pianist.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JACKSON HAINES the skater spent the past Winter in Finland. We have received a letter from him, dated Gamblakarleby, in that country (a small town about 500 miles north of St. Petersburg, Russia), June 10, in which he says that he was taken sick five weeks previously, and has been lying there suffering from inflammation of the lungs. At that date his condition was improving.

MRS. SCOTT SIDDONS has been giving readings from Tennyson and Shakespeare in Paris, France.

JOHN OXENFORD, dramatist, and critic of *The Times*, London, Eng., is seriously ill.

THE RING.

SPARRING AT LANGHAM'S.

Our correspondent in London, Eng., writing on June 22, sends the following account of what he saw in the way of sport in the theatre kept by the "pretty" of Guild Nat:

EDITOR CLIPPER.—DEAR SIR: Accompanied by the nobby teacher of self-defence Prof. Flynn, the correspondent of THE CLIPPER visited the famous Cauliflower Shrine, in Castle street; on the night of the 19th inst. where he found a crowd of the best "boys" in all London. The place is kept by Geo. Langham, nephew of the late Nat Langham—"the only man who ever whipped Tom Sayers." George received us with his usual hospitality, and after a few stories and their accompaniments, in the little back parlor, we were invited up to the "Hall of Science," by Bat Mullins, who gives instruction here. We found ourselves in the very centre of London pugilistic aristocracy. In a chair directly in front of the writer, sat Langham; at his right, the square built, muscular Mullins; at his left the athletic but spare-limbed Prof. Flynn; in front of him Jim McDermitch; near to the wall, stood the sinewy Prof. Jones; at his right, little McCarthy the feather-weight; looking over his shoulders stood Prof. Greeg; and by his side Prof. Driscoll from Jemmy Shaw's. With such material on hand, the boys soon worked up a pleasing pugilistic entertainment. McCormack was pitted against a pupil of Prof. Jones. The display of game, skill and hard-hitting on both sides was very fine. The bout between Prof. Jones and a skillful amateur was one of the liveliest and best displays of genuine science ever exhibited. The Prof. used his hands but very little, but illustrated how with an eagle eye and a quick nerve the head could be so instantly moved as to elude the intended favors of the most skilful boxer. Nothing could be more graceful than the Prof.'s movements; and as the amateur again and again made unsuccessful attempts to punch the smiling face of his opponent, the room was made to fairly ring again with the uproarious laughter of the spectators. McCarthy, who in fighting trim weighs but 112 pounds, had a set-to with an amateur, but it was too one-sided, the little gamecock going all over his opponent. After a pretty bout between Prof. Greeg and a novice, Jim Cody was matched against the "Nottingham Rough," the most savage-looking man seen in a month of Sundays. With these men there was no such word as sham. They meant "business," and they went at it like gladiators. Each took his gruel as if it was honey, and wished to pay for it with wonderful liberality. Rosh had taken a little too much beer before entering the ring, but the exercise brought them out as sober as Quakers. After a few scientific and very satisfactory rounds between Prof. Driscoll and an accomplished amateur, the company adjourned down to "the little back-parlor," where songs and anecdotes filled the time till midnight.

BEN HOGAN has rented Wilkins Hall, Pittsburg, Pa., and on the 10th inst. will open it as a place of instruction in sparring and light gymnastics. He will let it for boxing exhibitions on Saturday evenings.

BILLY EDWARDS and ARTHUR CHAMBERS commence an engagement at the Theatre Comique, Washington, D. C., July 12.

THERE ARE LETTERS in our case addressed: Edwards and Chambers, Homer Lane and John McMahon, and Billy Edwards.

HARRIS' MANIKIN.—The scientific sparrer, cunning fighter, and faithful trainer, Dooney Harris, has engaged Harry Hill's Academy for Thursday afternoon, July 8, when he promises an excellent fistic and variety entertainment in exchange for the dollars of the patrons of such sport. A number of good men have given their word to pull on the gloves for Dooney's weal, and the wind-up will bring into action the beneficiary and that clever exponent of the manly art, Johnny Aaron.

PEDESTRIANISM.

O'LEARY FAILS.—We are informed by telegraph that Daniel O'Leary failed to accomplish the task he last week undertook in the Exposition Building at Chicago, Ill., of walking 150 miles in 32 hours. He commenced on Friday, 2d inst., and retired forty-five minutes before time was up, having then completed but 130½ miles. It is further stated that his stoppages aggregated four hours and three minutes, and that he finished the first one hundred miles in 19 hours and 43 minutes. The weather was unfavorable, and the track not level.

WE HAVE LETTERS for Charles L. Jones and Daniel O'Leary.

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KIRALFY BROTHERS.....Lessees and Managers

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

M. A. D'Ennery, author of the "Two Orphans," has also enriched the Parisian stage with a remarkably graphic society-play entitled "Around the World." In this production are combined the elements of romance and comedy, and unlimited scope has been afforded for the exercise of the most brilliant and masterful talents as regards pictorial and realistic effects. This work, when presented at the Academy, will be found to surpass the most sanguine expectations of the public in reference to its literary merit as a play, to its interest as a story, and to the indescribably elegant and costly surroundings which a liberal direction has provided.

A COMPANY OF ARTISTS OF LOCAL FAME has been expressly engaged in order to insure for "Round the World" a duplication of the New York cast. It has commanded for over 300 nights at the Porte St. Martin Theatre, Paris; for 100 nights at the Princess', London, and for equally long periods at the chief capitular theatres of Europe. 15-1t

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MONDAY, JULY 5,
THE AMERICAN FACIAL COMEDIAN,
MR. J. H. HILLIARD.
Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, and Wednesday matinee, BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.
Thursday, Friday and Saturday, and Saturday matinee, JACK SHEPPARD.
Matinees Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday.
Gussie De Forrest in "The Woman of the World." 15-1t*

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AND ORCHESTRA,
to support
MISS HELEN D'ESTE AND J. E. STUTTZ.
A good leading man, comedian, heavy man, old woman, juvenile woman, and soubrette, are especially wanted. Send lowest salary. A few more to play in brass and parts in drama can secure engagements.
Repertoire: "Love's Sacrifice" (opening piece), "Romeo and Juliet," "Richelieu," "Hamlet," "Richelieu," "Othello," "Heart Hungry," "Destiny, or the Southern Home," "Hunchback," "Queen Elizabeth," "London Assurance," "Uncle Ashley," "Ingomar," "Lucretia Borgia," "Camille." A good agent wanted. Billiard-players, card-players, drinking men, I have no use for. An agent's time belongs to the company. Agents who understand the business and are willing to work, please write.
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15-1t* Hopkinsville, Christian Co., Ky.

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G. W. BILLS,
15-2t Box Billposter,
Toledo, O., Treasurer.

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A lady's spangled armor and other dresses and jewelry.
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A PARTNER IN A STEAM FLOATING PALACE, and grand CALLIOPE EXHIBITION this fall South.
SHOWMAN OR MUSICIAN PREFERRED.
BIG MONEY MADE.
Address, CAPTAIN EICHELS,
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GEO. W. HALL,
alias Popcorn George, formerly with Yankee Robinson's show; also for Colonel Chorney, the Albino Girl. Have one snake. Salary moderate.
Address, G. W. HALL, St. Paul,
15-1t* or telegraph to St. Paul, Minn.

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15-1t Address JOHN POWERS, Albany, N. Y.

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VARIETY AND DRAMATIC AGENTS,
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will be happy to hear from friends during season of 1875-6 at De Rar's Opera-house, Montreal, Canada, or St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, La.

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WILL BE FOR RENT DURING THE MONTHS OF JUNE AND JULY, OR WILL PLAY COMBINATIONS FOR SHARE.

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SET OF TRAVELING OR AMATEUR Scenery for sale. Inclose stamp for price and description to A. L. GAMBLE, 339 Union st., Brooklyn, L. I. 4-13t*

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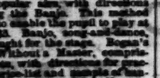

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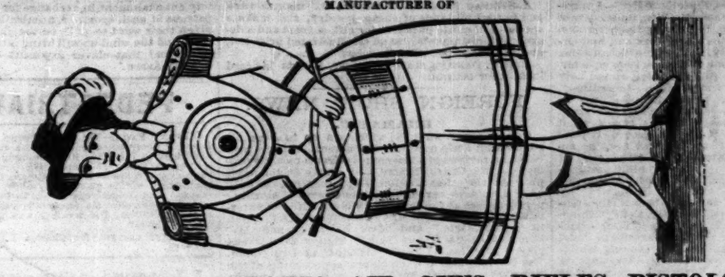

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